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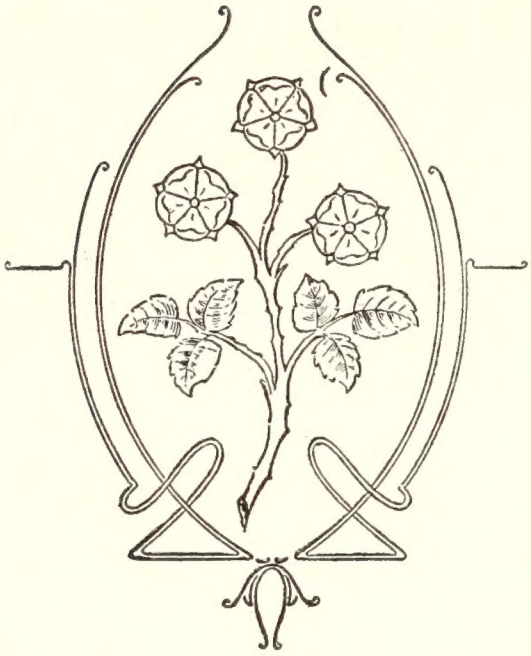

BADGE OF LANCASTRIAN ROSE

Anne Katherine Holt

Barstow Harding Miller Allan Cope Harding

A Narrative History

of the

Harding Family

With Illustrations

By
Anne Katherine Holt

WRIGHT & JOYS CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

PRIVATELY PRINTED
1904

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A. K. H., 1904

Dedicated

to

My Little Cousins

Allan Cope Harding and Barstow Harding Miller

as a work of love

"Ah! I remember many things,
Old, middle-aged and new;
Is the new better than the old,
More bright, more wise, more true?

The old must ever pass away,
The new must still come in;
When these new things are old to you,
Be they unstained by sin.

So will their memory be sweet,
A treasury of bliss
To be borne with us in the days
When we their presence miss.

Trifles connected with the love
Of many a vanished friend
Will thrill the heart and wake the sense
For memory has no end!"

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PREFACE.

This narrative was commenced in 1899, out of love for and in the interest of the little cousins, Allan Cope Harding and Barstow Harding Miller, so that wherever the word "*your*" appears it refers to them. As often happens in writing such little histories, this has become more extensive than originally intended, until it includes each and every member of our American line.

In the book of "Royal Descent" compiled by Miss T. E. Sharpe of England, the descent is brought down *to* the American branch, and the object of this book is to continue that descent in a narrative form; to relate any interesting incidents of people or history of places mentioned in the former book, thus bringing those characters of bygone centuries into closer relationship with the present generation; and to give a little explanation and description of the ancestral pictures included in the illustrations of this book.

I sincerely hope that my efforts will find favor and the book be of interest to each and all in any way connected with the history

I have received so much kind assistance that I wish here to extend my thanks to all who have aided me to accomplish my task—a task, although a pleasant one.

First of all to Miss T. E. Sharpe, who not only made the whole book possible as a continuation of her own, but who has also given invaluable suggestions. Much is due to the encouragement and assistance of Samuel B. Harding of Waukesha; to Mrs. L. A. H. Burgert of Cleveland, for genealogical records relating to one branch of the family; and to the "Baraset" family and the clergymen of England who responded so kindly to my queries.

A. K. H.

Highland Park, Illinois, July, 1904.

CHAPTER I.

THE expressed wish of a portion of the family, and my own inclination, have incited me, Anne Katherine Holt, to attempt to relate little incidents which may make the Pedigree Book, compiled by Miss Sharpe, more realistic to the coming generations.

When I think of my cousins' children, Allan Cope Harding and Barstow Harding Miller, growing to manhood, a great longing comes over me that their lives may not be so wholly taken up with the present as to prevent an occasional thought for those gone before, and my hope is that they may treasure those things which seem to give more of a foundation and substance to one's life — and for them I have attempted, with a very superficial knowledge of much of it, to leave a brief sketch of what I have been able to glean from others now passed away.

It is a simple tale—a life similar to that of the generality of people, nothing startling or wonderful—but one does not like to feel that like "Topsy" one "*just growed.*" In spite of our American democracy and seeming contempt for pride in *Ancestors* and *Pedigree*, it is a natural inclination of each and all of us to desire some knowledge of the source from which we sprung.

Let us begin first with the American portion of the family, although it may seem to be going backwards.

Grandfather and Grandmother Harding (Walter Harding and Anne Gibbs, his wife) came from Solihull in Warwickshire, England, to America in 1837, bringing with them nine children, six daughters and three sons, and a cousin, Miss Eyre. One daughter, Josephine, afterwards Mrs. James Baldwin, remained in England with her maternal grandmother, whose favorite she was. She never came to America, but married and has recently (November, 1899) died, leaving six daughters and two sons—one daughter and two sons are married.

Grandfather and Grandmother Harding (Walter and Anne) left Ivy Hall, Solihull, May 5th, 1837, sailed from Liverpool May 23d, and landed in New York July 22d, 1837.

The following is a copy of a letter written by Grandmother (Anne Harding) to her mother and father in England. It was evidently written on board the ship just before landing in this country, and is now in the possession of Aunt Josephine's daughters in England.

AMBOY, July 21st, 1837.

My dearest Father and Mother:—

We are just arrived in Amboy which is thirty miles from New York; passengers are not allowed to proceed there on account of the immense tide of emigration into the United States, so all vessels are obliged to land here. We sailed on the 22d of May. I will now give you an account of our sufferings—first we had a thunder storm off the coast of Londonderry and a very heavy sea running all night, and very dangerous it was, being amongst the rocks; after that we had fine weather but all of us were dreadfully sick from the first day of our starting. All the children were very ill for the first week but after that all the young ones except the baby got better, but she lay by the side of me looking like death itself, but I was so ill at the time I could not do anything for her, and all the children were for three or four days; we could not wash or dress them. J. and Harriet were violently sick for five weeks and Flora also, and I kept my bed all the time, sometimes having a bed made for me on deck.

The captain's kindness to us is more than I can express, he gave us every comfort that the vessel could afford, waiting upon us, cheering us, and sitting by us for hours together; we had one of the most violent gales he had ever experienced at this time of year, for fifteen days without stopping, the sea breaking over us by tons at a time and filling the cabin knee deep in water, the children all lying around us frightened to death and we were expecting every moment to go down. We lost three sails, part of our bulwarks were driven in and our rudder carried away the last days of the gale.

But it pleased the Almighty to stay the roaring of the winds and sea at our earnest prayers, and we saved a part of the rudder. After rolling about for four days we were enabled to ship it so as to steer a little with it. There were three large waves broke at a little distance from us which, if they had struck us, would have carried away our masts and have left us a complete wreck. The mates and sailors lashed themselves to the ropes to keep them from being carried away and we thought the vessel would roll over every moment. The boxes rolled from one side to the other, all the plates, dishes and bottles falling about and we were obliged to hold on all the time to keep us from being thrown out of our berths, never getting a good rest and being dressed all the time of the gale.

The captain carried us all of our food as no one else could stand that was not used to the rolling of the vessel, and the last day of the gale Flora had a violent nervous fit and Judd fainted away, which alarmed us very much. Sometime after the gale the sailors rose against the captain and refused to obey orders,

Ivy Hall,
Solihull, Warwickshire
Home of Walter Harding.

and, provisions getting very short, you may suppose what was our situation, but in a few days we were fortunate enough to meet with a whaling vessel from which the captain got provisions; not that we were without, but we were afraid of the Irish rising with the sailors and taking all of ours.

The captain said that we might cross the ocean a great many times without meeting with such bad weather. Mary will recollect the ship Phœbe which sailed the day we did, it has not arrived in port yet. This being Sunday on which I finish my letter, the captain will take it to New York and put it safe on board so that you will have it safer and sooner than if it was put in the post office near.

Our legs are so swollen from the different motions of the ship, to and fro, that we cannot get about. Will write again as soon as we get to Buffalo and pray then answer my letter and direct it right so that we may have it safe as we are very anxious about you. I must tell you now that Walter has never been seasick but has had the gout in his chest twice and in his stomach once, but is now getting better, but if we had stayed much longer on board, I think he must have died as we had not any gout medicine left and he was so ill that we were obliged to send for the doctor before we could land to get the medicine and some brandy, as we had not any comforts left.

The heat is so bad we cannot go out of doors in the middle of the day. You have ever been in my thoughts, knowing it would be so long before you heard from us as we have been on board eight weeks and four days. I look forward to the time until I see my dear Josephine again and pray that till that time she may prove a comfort to you and a blessing hereafter to her parents. I hope she will learn to write to me very soon, and be sure to let her go to church.

I pray to God to bless all of you, and will say more in my next as I have not room here. Tell all of our friends, not forgetting Mr. and Mrs. George Harding; write to my brother Robert and Mr. Henry Hunt and Mrs. Marriott. Tell them all we are safe. The baby has got very thin, as she cried most of the way and could not eat anything we had on board. The dear children send their love to Josephine and Mary, a kiss to her and all of you.

I remain, dear father and mother,

Your affectionate daughter,

Anne Harding.

God bless you.

In Buffalo, New York, September 9th, 1837, a son, Jonathan, died aged five years and twenty-one days. A daughter, Octavia, met a sad death through the carelessness of a chemist's clerk who put up the wrong medicine. This was in April, 1847, at Racine, Wisconsin, when she was only thirteen years old.

They first took a farm at Aurora, New York, where grandfather (Walter Harding) died September 19th, 1841, aged forty-six years. He is buried in the

upper village. The family afterwards moved to Westfield, New York, and later to Painesville, Ohio, where grandmother (Anne Harding) died of neuralgia of the heart, January 24th, 1857, aged fifty-seven years.

Grandfather (Walter Harding) was a very incapable business man, in fact knew not the first principles of business, consequently lost his all, leaving his family in very poor circumstances.

Should you ever go to England and happen to look in the Solihull church register you will find his name, and under the word *occupation* that of *gentleman*, a poor commodity to start with in a new world when it is the *only* one. Although a man may be a gentleman and still perform manual labor, in our American vocabulary, yet at that date in England a gentleman was supposed to know naught of trade or the work-a-day world—but, that fallacy is fast disappearing in the present generation, that is, with the majority; but there are many who still adhere very strongly to their old conservative principles. How much better for us would it have been, had the more liberal spirit of today prevailed, for success in a new country meant knowledge of work.

Grandfather (Walter Harding) was a second son, and from what I have heard, most of his life was spent in the hunt and in sports; and, with little left, America seemed a perfect Eldorado where fortunes were easily made. An eldest son in England has the patrimony, although I have been told that unless the estate is entailed it is a matter of choice, not law, yet it seems always to *be* a matter of *choice*. A younger son is forced to enter the church, army or earn his way by any other legitimate non-menial means, and a new country always offered an opening for many such.

Grandmother (Anne Harding) was a brave woman and faced the inevitable with courage. I have also heard from those who knew her that she was a very handsome woman. To eke out her means of livelihood she had, boarding with her, two men who became very prominent citizens—one in the railroad world and the other in the banking — both these men remained firm friends to her and her family through life.

A little incident in your grandfather's (George Harding) life may interest you. It was related by his mother in a letter to her daughter, Josephine, in England. Finding his mother in tears, one day, he leaned against her lap and looking up into her face said, "Don't cry, mother, I shall soon be a man and can work for you." I think he was true to his promise for he commenced to battle with the world at a very early age. With the family, when they came to America, was a cousin of my grandfather's, a Miss Eyre, whom we children always called "Auntie Eyre."

She was a dear, sweet old lady, very devoted to children, whose delight she was from her fund of stories, rhymes and ability to transform sheets of white paper into beautiful baskets of flowers, birds, animals, etc. (It has always been a regret to me that I preserved none of these). She knew little of household

Birch Lane
At the side of Ivy Hall, Solihull

duties but was always busy, her chief occupation being the mending; and her work-basket, when with us, was never without those articles which children know how to demoralize. She was a quaint figure in her white cap with colored ribbons; two little puffs of hair caught up with a tortoise shell comb, one on each side of her face; her long, straight, full skirt with pointed bodice and caps on the shoulders, sometimes a chemisette and always the inevitable black silk apron trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon—she was ever so trim and neat. How well I remember the games we children were wont to have with her!

She was the daughter of an English clergyman, an uncle of my grandfather's, and she had lived many years in my grandfather's family to assist with the children. After her father's death, her maintenance came in the form of an annuity from the "Clergyman's Fund"—later she received a legacy by the death of an aunt.

It is with reluctance one lays aside a package of old letters, many bearing the date of the early fifties, some written in 1848, a greater portion of them written by this Auntie Eyre's sisters living in England. How one seems to live their lives, entering into every little detail. Two maiden sisters, Susan and Elizabeth, quite win our hearts by the rehearsal of their little joys and sorrows; one feels quite like being set down in a "Cranford" world. Susan tries to eke out her little income by taking a position as a governess; while Elizabeth was for a time (as a quaintly worded circular tells us): "Mistress of a school for a limited number of young ladies." In their old age they lived together in what was called a college, and from what I can understand this was a sort of endowed "Clergymen's Home" for gentlewomen. Each family had a separate little home and one can quite picture these two old ladies with their little maid, taking walks, busy with "parish visiting" or beautifying the little garden, which they tell us each home possessed. They were continually sending flower seeds to Auntie Eyre and asking for specimens which a new country would naturally afford.

In answer to an inquiry in reference to this college, I have recently, June, 1904, received the following:

"Edwards' College was founded by Mrs. Edwards, who left a large sum of money for the benefit of the widows and orphan unmarried daughters of clergymen belonging to this diocese of Gloucester. No one, therefore, whose husband or father was not an incumbent or curate licensed in the diocese is eligible. The parish was South Cerney, four miles from Cirencester, and the college was founded in 1834.

"The trustees in 1839 erected from the funds (amounting at that time to 11,000 pounds) a row of twelve houses on the site given by the Lord of the Manor. The college is now fully occupied but has no endowment."

Two other sisters were married, one was a widow, the other the wife of a lawyer, who by his exertions was the means of many improvements in the town where he lived, now the busy, fashionable watering-place of Brighton on the south coast. This sister writes of twenty years past in the same house with the same servant and of a garden added that her husband might not be deprived of exercise when, in his declining years, he was not able to take his accustomed walks. From what I can learn from the letters there were two brothers, both of whom were in the army. John was in foreign service from the age of seventeen to thirty, mostly at Hong Kong. After his return to England, like all army men, he was stationed from time to time at several places. From his position as commander of the artillery at Portsmouth, he was made a major general and retired on full pay of six hundred pounds a year, when he moved to Chichester with his two daughters, his wife having died at Portsmouth.

These two daughters are thus described by the aunts: "Mary is nice looking, her face expressing much kindness and truthfulness; she is very clever, reads much and is skillful in drawing. Bessie is very striking and fashionable looking, much fonder of society than Mary but she has a great many good qualities, is a capital housekeeper and fine musician on harp and piano." Of the other brother, James, I find nothing in the letters but much of his widow, Anne Eyre. The following was among the package of old letters and in all probability refers to him.

From the Birmingham newspaper.—"At Tobago, on the twentieth of August last, of a bilious fever, aged thirty-three, Lieut. James William Eyre of the Royal Engineers, second son of the late Rev. James Eyre, rector of Winterbourne, Stoke and Nettleton in the county of Wiltshire, and head master of the Free Grammer School at Solihull, Warwickshire. Not only have his family and friends much to lament in the death of this amiable young man, but his country in the melancholy event has also to regret the loss of a most active and skillful officer whose illness was occasioned by over exertion in an unremitted discharge of arduous duty."

The following is taken from a little yellow slip of paper and is a notice of the death of Auntie Eyre's parents:

TO THE MEMORY

of the Rev. James Eyre, who died the sixth day of March, 1813, aged sixty-two years; also of Charlotte, his wife, who was daughter of the late Judd Harding, Esq.; she died 23d of September, 1815.

George John Harding. Charlotte C. Eyre

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE selected a few of these old letters as they not only give us a peep into the life of fifty or sixty years ago, but tell us a little of the Harding family.

WORTHING, December 29th, 1859.

My dear Charlotte:—

I am very pleased that my husband says that I may write in this letter, for it is so long a time since any of us have heard from you that we are quite uneasy at your unusually long silence. Mr. D— and I were at Pinley in October, and Mary told me that she had written twice and Susan tells me she has written and Elizabeth. I hope my letter may share a better fate. I shall send to you tomorrow an illustrated paper, the Christmas number. I think it is such a very pretty one. I do not think however, that Christmas is quite as joyous and merry a time as when you and I were young, for people now are much more formal and much more grand, and young people are not so easily pleased, they require a great deal of dress and every thing is in quite a different style. We spent a very quiet, old-fashioned Christmas day, only my husband, myself and Mary Dennett, and a poor lone lady who lives near us and who has nobody to care for her. We had roast beef and plum pudding with a fine piece of holly at the top, and our servants made themselves very happy afterwards. Dear Susan is gone to Hagley for a visit, which will be a great happiness to Elizabeth. Anne is always so kind and hospitable, they are sure to be made welcome to the good cheer. [Anne was the brother James' widow. A. K. H.] James, Anne's son, has very lately been with us; he has not been well and came to Brighton to consult a medical man whom my brother John recommended. I do not think he has done him much good and the poor fellow was glad to get home again to the kind nursing of his mother. He is a very kind, good-natured fellow, a very large man, as big as John. Mary Chaytor [a sister] and Mary Anne

Eyre are spending their Christmas as usual with Henry W— at Coventry. I suppose you know that they must leave Pinley in the spring as the house is not considered safe. They have not yet found one to suit them, and I fear Mary will have no garden if they are obliged to take one near Coventry, and that will be a sad loss to her. Mary Anne has a most beautiful dog for her pet, a kind of Scotch Collie, he follows her about and when she comes home he always leads her in by the gown. The old black cat they brought from Henrietta is still alive. I was at Chichester last week. John had been very ill but I am happy to say he is now getting better of his ailments; they were going to have a large party but were obliged to put it off. Dr. Hook (?) is now dean of Chichester. I dare say you remember his wife, she was a daughter of Dr. John Johnstone of Birmingham.

Mary [their brother John's daughter] is not very fond of dancing, she says she does not dance well; she is short and stumpy, but a very clever, good and agreeable girl. Bessie, who is tall and slight, delights in dancing and goes to every dance she can; she is also very musical. Mary Dennett left us today; she inquired kindly about you. She lives in a pretty little cottage by herself, she is very delicate and fragile, so fragile that one day when she went to church the wind blew her down and there she had to stay until someone came and picked her up. Do you remember a family of the name of —— where I was for a little time and where Susan went afterwards as governess, about forty years ago? Mr. H—— is dead, the old lady, who is now seventy-two, is at Worthing with her two daughters; she came that she might see me again, and they are lodging a few doors from us. She delights to tell of old times when I went to see them on a pillion because the roads were so bad no carriage could go that way; and she tells me of things I had quite forgotten for I was only eighteen.

The winter has been very severe, the cold intense, but in Worthing we have had no snow; at Chichester and seven miles from here it was two feet deep. If at any time you do not feel well enough to write I wish you would ask your cousin to do so, for we do not like being so long without hearing of or from you. You must write at once to acknowledge Mr. Dennett's letter. Do you ever hear of Charles Eyre? I have come the an end of my paper and must say God bless you. I am ever your affectionate sister,

Harriet Dennett.

The following is a portion of a letter from the same sister:

"Mr. Dennett, Miss Dennett and I went in the autumn to see the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. It is really the most enchanting place you can imagine. You see collected in one space all the wonders of the world. The Pompeian court, the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the beautiful Alhambra, the Grecian with all the Sculpture, the Italian, the Roman, the French, and the English, ancient and

Harriet Dennett, *née* Eyre — Mary Chaytor, *née* Eyre — Elizabeth Eyre

Major General John Eyre

modern; and at every turn all the beautiful plants in the world, and amongst them, bursting upon your sight unexpectedly, groups as large as life of different nations, and animals in all sorts of attitudes.

"The gardens are extremely beautiful and the waterworks, when completed, will far surpass Les Grande at Versailles; and such a place for eating! It is quite a sight to go into the galleries and look down upon the people at *feeding time*. I went early this year to pay a visit to dear Sue, in her snug home, every thing very plain but very comfortable and the cottage very pretty with a large field before it, which, being used for grazing is always full of pretty groups of cattle and sheep; and then the nicest ornament of the cottage is dear Sue's happy, cheerful and contented face. It did my heart good to hear her spoken well of by her neighbors, rich and poor. She is very kind to the poor, reads to them, lends them books and newspapers and always makes them broth when she has boiled meat.

"Elizabeth will, I think, eat her Christmas dinner with Miss Carter, whom you must remember in our school days. She is living at Brighton on a very small pittance, and Elizabeth sees her very frequently, so amongst us we must send the old lady her Christmas comforts and Elizabeth will go and cheer her up. I have often been to see her, at times she is as cheerful as possible and she and Elizabeth have a fine number of jokes and old stories to gether." [Can you not imagine these two old ladies over their teacups? A. K. H.]

One letter is from a sister-in-law, Anne Eyre, while on a visit to Susan in her college home. She tells of her arrival and of Susan meeting her in the village conveyance, looking so well and young. She quotes from a letter from Solihull written to herself. "You must have been writing your kind little note asking for intelligence of the Hardings at the very time papa, Lucy and I were having some of Mrs. Harding's [Grandfather Harding's brother's wife] delicious tea with them at Tamworth. They have a pleasant sitting room upstairs looking across to the church, and a bedroom, at a fine inn built by Lord Amherst.

"Mr. Harding looks happy and well; I believe he is infirm on his feet and his hand is not strong. Tamworth is a spot well known to him, his uncle Hunt lived there and some of the Hunts also (papa recognized the brass knockers to their old doors); and there are stones to the memory of his grandparents which he is going to have painted again. I remember the Hunts, they were your mother's aunt and uncles. Captain Hunt, with a hat on as big as a round table, Miss Hunt and the Rev. John Hunt who stood on the table with mistletoe in hand, that all the ladies might be kissed under. Then there was a rich banker and his family. They say that Solihull does not look like Solihull without a Harding in it—a Harding and his dogs. She hopes Charlotte is better and that *homeopathy* has cured her, her cousin Webb says it does wonders."

The following is a portion of a letter from Susan, written in 1852, when she was about to make her home at Edwards' College, South Cerney, near Cirencester. She is a maiden lady and, as age advances, a governess' life becomes too arduous and she feels the necessity of a home for her declining years.

"The building is beautiful externally and very convenient internally. I have been with Mary to see it and we were very much pleased with all we saw. The college consists of twelve tenements. I have decided upon the one recommended by Mr F—— because he said that the lady who occupied the next house was a worthy and excellent widow lady who would be a very kind neighbor to me. We went with Mr. F—— to call upon her and she kindly showed us over the house and a very neat and comfortable one it was. All the houses are of the same size and very pretty in appearance, worth twenty to twenty-five pounds per annum rent, repairs and taxes free. Mine consists of a very pretty and good sized parlour, above which there are two excellent bedrooms and over them two comfortable, good sized attics and there is besides a wee room, fronting the first flight of stairs, which will make a very pretty room to sit in with books and work in the summer. Below there is a good kitchen, back kitchen, pantry, larder, coal hole, etc., also a pump in a small yard and beyond that is a kitchen garden.

"In front of the college each lady has a border for flowers. It is called Edwards' College, from Mrs. Edwards who founded it, and there is five hundred pounds to be disposed of from one fund and three hundred from another. You are not required to have an income of your own, but those who have, receive less aid from the funds of the college; those who have nothing of their own, are allowed from forty-five to fifty pounds. What I shall receive I know not at present, but hope with that addition to my own small income to be able to manage. South Cerney is a purely agricultural village, three and one-half miles from Cirencester in Gloucestershire, with a fine gravely soil, so I should think it is a healthy place.

"The church is opposite the college and there is a good village school and a zealous clergyman who resides close to the college, and to whom we were introduced by the rector. Any lady may take a class in the girls' school, so I shall not want for employment and shall feel the pleasure of doing good. And now, dear Charlotte, I have given you every particular of my future home and shall be anxious to hear what you think of it.

"John [a brother] has been ordered to survey the coast from Brighton to Eastbourne, which he says is quite defenseless, and he has just been appointed to the command of the Super District and in consequence leaves Woolwich directly and is going to reside at Eastbourne with his wife and daughters, where they hope to remain for some years.

Walter Harding.

"We have not heard from Elizabeth since last month, then she was quite well and you will be glad to hear the school is prosperous; they have six pupils and another promised, and they only intended taking eight." [Later on this other maiden sister, Elizabeth, comes to share this home with Susan, and in one letter Harriet tells us that Elizabeth is teaching Susan to play chess and she says "I should think they were both puzzlepated about it." I can quite picture these two old ladies in their cozy little home over a game of chess. A. K. H.]

Susan goes on to give a list of her presents with which she is to begin her housekeeping. "From William and Harriet, six german-silver large dinner forks and six small ones, they look quite as well as real silver and with care will continue to do so; six large knives with white handles and six small, with carving knife and fork, also three kitchen knives and forks; and besides these, from Harriet herself, three breakfast cups and saucers, cream jug, sugar basin and some plates, all of the same pattern, the remains of their old breakfast set and which I can easily get matched; some green dessert plates and six wine glasses. From Mary Anne, two pairs of sheets, twelve chamber towels, two real silver salt spoons, and I have beside six silver dessert spoons that she gave me after my aunt's death. She and Mary intend giving me the dinner service they have in daily use, besides two table cloths, and they will lend me some plates which they have laid by, at present having more than they want for their own use." [Mary is the widowed sister, Mary Chaytor.]

From friends she has table cloths, glass candlesticks, a beautiful knife and fork for salad, carved from wood, some flower seeds for her little garden and a rest for the back of a chair in crochet work, also three pounds to purchase a chest of drawers.

"You will be pleased to see these proofs of friendship from all near and dear to me. I am delighted and feel very grateful to them all. I shall leave with Mary Anne two books for you, 'Favorite Field Flowers,' and the red carnelian brooch which once belonged to our dear aunt. [This was Aunt Parr from whom Auntie Eyre's legacy came, and the brooch and books are now in my possession. There is a lock of hair marked 'Mr. Parr, aged one hundred years.' I am wondering if this could have been the uncle. A. K. H.] Mary Anne will send them by Mr. J—— when he returns to America. I was sorry to hear the sad account of you all in your last letter to Mary, the smallpox is such a fearful disease that you may be thankful that you are all escaped so well as you appear to have done. Now Walter is able to get out, he will soon recover his strength.

"Give my kind remembrances to Mrs. Harding and Annette and believe me, dear Charlotte,

"Your affectionate sister,

"Susan Eyre."

In another letter she sends a picture of the college home and describes it. "There are twelve houses, four in each cloister, two houses in the center of the building and one at each end, all of which are rather larger than the cloister houses, as they are for widows with children." These letters give us a good picture of the home of these two maiden ladies where, with their little maid, they busied themselves in garden, in schools and church, and among the poor, no doubt with an occasional tea-party.

The following was written by Elizabeth at the time of Grandmother Harding's death, March, 1857:

We received your sad letter on the 20th of February, and Anne and I have talked and thought so much about you ever since. I should have answered at once, but sent your letter on to Harriet and waited for her answer, which came today. She grieves with us but is pleased to see how affectionate poor Mrs. Harding's children are to you.

When you get a little more reconciled to your sad loss you must write and tell me all you think and feel and all about my cousins and whether you really feel you could be happy with them. You can tell whether, after so many years of American life, you could be happy in England, and whether you would like to part for ever from the children of a friend and relative you have loved so truly and who seem to inherit all their mother's affection for you.

The Times of the 11th confirms the news we had heard that John [a brother] is major general and retires on full pay, six hundred pounds a year. I often wish I could know more of my American cousins. I remember their father as a kind hearted, generous man; doubtless he had his faults, and so have we all, and the least we can do is to think of others with love and charity.

I have been reading lately some travels in the West, very favourable indeed to Canada and speaking well of the northern states of America; the travellers spent some time at Boston and saw Longfellow and Prescott, both of whom are very popular in England. They speak of the frivolous love of dress in the American woman and the general want of sound, useful, practical education. A well brought up English woman can turn her hand to anything and think it no degradation to wash and bake and brew if needs be, and this must be just the sort of thing for the "Far West." One of the heroes of Kingsley's new novel is an American and one of his heroines a slave; it is entitled "Two Years Ago," and I predict for it a very wide circulation across the Atlantic, it speaks so highly of the Americans.

You will hear a great deal of the crime and lawless robberies and murders in England, but I think the crisis will soon pass away. The number of soldiers and militia men disbanded and the exceeding high price of all necessaries are combining causes. Government is offering free emigration and grants of land,

Anne Hardisty, *née* Gibbs

and if Providence blesses us with continued peace and a good harvest, old England will weather the storm as she has many another. We never believe here that *real* Americans, our Anglo-Saxon brothers, are unfriendly to us, only the Irish Roman Catholic population which will also, I fear, be a source of much trouble in Canada.

A lady who lives here has just come from a visit to Solihull and tells me the church is perfectly beautiful; she went to look at the old school house and every place that she thought would interest me. The rector has much increased the comfort and beauty of the rectory, and I fancy Solihull is altogether an improving place. Harriet is now gone on a visit to John before he leaves Portsmouth, and to help the poor girls pack; it will be a trial to leave their poor mother's grave amongst strangers. Write soon and a long letter, my dearest Charlotte. Give my affectionate sympathy to my cousins and with much love to yourself, ever believe me,

Your affectionate sister,

Elizabeth Eyre.

In one of the letters we hear of a visit to them (Harriet and William) of Mary Dennett and Lady Sarah Spencer, and they left them to go to the christening of Lord Spencer's daughter, Lady Victoria Alexandrina, to whom the Queen was godmother and sent a locket set round with diamonds and rubies and containing a lock of Her Majesty's hair. Again, "My cousin. General Harding [also my grandfather's cousin. A. K. H.] Uncle John's only son has just been appointed governor of Guernsey with an addition to his income of a thousand pounds a year. I fear it will give more cares than will compensate for it. His only child, Zillah, who was married to Major Fanshaw, died last year and he has two little grandchildren." From another letter we have news of this same General Harding. "You will see by the papers, that our cousin, General Harding, is now Sir George. He is an old man now, but I am glad the Queen has marked her sense of his faithful services, and he has always been so kind to his sisters and so good in every relation of life, that if this added dignity gives him pleasure we shall all rejoice."

A little quotation about fashions from Mary Chaytor's letter may interest. It was written in 1857. "How you would laugh at the English fashions of the present day. In winter all have scarlet and black striped petticoats and their Lindsey or Merino gowns looped up in festoons all around to prevent the trouble of holding up; under these garments always either a hoop or crinoline petticoat; very thick high heeled boots, cloaks with a bernouse hood to which four or five lappets are appended, small bonnets and hair turned back from the face as in our grandmother's day. These vagaries suit well young people and nice figures and make others look hideous."

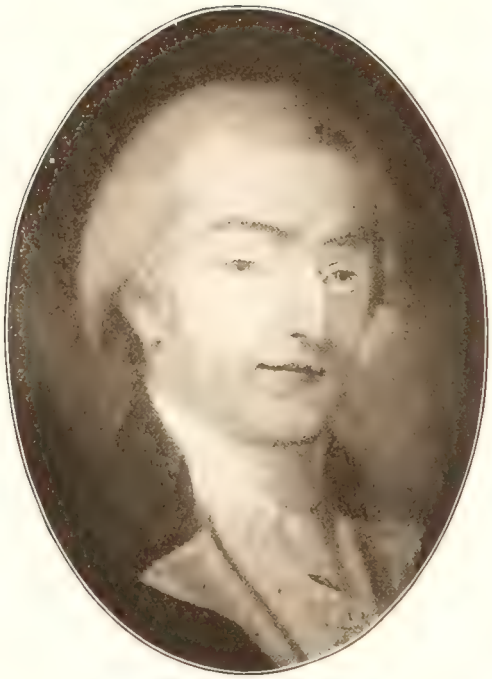
A description of the wedding of an old aunt's housemaid, who had lived with this aunt many years, is rather amusing. "The cook was bridesmaid and William gave Letty away, and they drove to the church in aunt's carriage and returned here to dinner and I believe were very merry; some of Letty's and some of her husband's relatives, aunt gave them liberty to ask. I think fourteen sat down to dinner, and in the evening they walked through the village in procession to their new home, which is near the church. Aunt misses Letty very much, she knew all her ways and was always so kind and attentive in illness."

A little English history news comes in one of Mary Chaytor's letters—indeed many of the letters are interspersed with history, literature and gossip. "You will be glad to hear that dear old England continues in peace and prosperity. Both the Queen and Prince Albert are much beloved and they are admirable examples to their subjects in every relation of life. Our church too never stood so high in the nation's esteem; dissent is fast decreasing. I suppose you have heard the Pope has been obliged to fly from Rome. I believe he behaved very bravely, all his cardinals but one deserted him when his palace was besieged. He has taken refuge in France while the French king and his family have taken refuge with us, knowing that John Bull will ever afford protection to the unfortunate."

A letter about the time of the Indian mutiny, 1853, speaks much of its horrors; it is from Harriet, who writes of her husband's visit to London. "He writes me word that he has just been seeing Shakespeare's play of the Tempest, most beautifully performed; the scenery is enchanting and the music and the songs quite beautiful, but the acting not quite so good as in former days." [And this was in 1853. A. K. H.] In this letter was a collar and a half a sovereign, and she had to pay two shillings (forty-eight cents) postage.

A letter from Elizabeth speaks of the Prince of Wales' (now King Edward VII) visit to America. "I suppose that even on your side of the lake you are looking out for the arrival of our dear young prince; he promises to be all that his mother has been, and she has taken care to place about him not men of the highest rank, but men of strict rectitude, unblemished honour and truth. Noblemen of the highest rank will be chosen to form the suite of the young prince, as the Queen wishes to show in every way how much she values the Canadians.

"I suppose you are all in the fever of choosing a president; it must be worse than our elections, for they are now ordered over in a day, and bribery, corruption and treating severely punished and yet the drunkenness is horrible. How thankful we ought to be that our good Queen ascends the throne quietly as her lawful right."



JOSEPH HARDING

In 1858 the winter was very mild, for Elizabeth, writing on the seventh of January, says: "I have had violets enough for a nosegay every week, primroses are now blooming, but I think the frost is setting in at last. Our minds and hearts have been full of this dreadful Indian warfare. Many we know intimately are there and many have fallen victims to the horrible massacre. Jane Hunt has lost a son before Delhi (you will remember her as your cousin, Jane Harding), and Col. George Congreve was in eight and twenty battles before the commander summoned him to Calcutta as part of his staff." She writes of reading Dr. Hitchcock's "Religion of Geology." "He is an American but writes candidly and with much forbearance and christian charity. I do not always agree with him, but think him a very clever man."

Space will not allow of too many of these letters but I thought the above quotations might make all more familiar with our grandfather's (Walter Harding) early friends and relatives.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER my grandmother's (Anne Harding) death, Aunt Nette, a maiden aunt and grandmother's youngest daughter, had the care of "Auntie Eyre" who died in Westfield, New York, where they had gone on a visit. This maiden aunt made her home with different members of the family, much of the time with my mother. For a few years she kept your grandfather's (George Harding) house in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. This was before his marriage. She was a bright, active woman, full of animation and fun, always ready with a good story, never failing to see the ridiculous or humorous side of life. She died in Waukesha, February, 1884, after a year of great suffering. She was known as "Aunt Nettie" among all young people and children.

My Grandfather Harding's (Walter Harding) family have seen many vicissitudes, and of the large family of children who came with him from England, only Joseph and your Grandfather George, who was born in this country, at Aurora, New York, March 20th, 1840, remain.

Your grandfather went to Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, when a young man, I should say about twenty years of age, and entered into the hardware business, which trade he had learned. He began first to work in this capacity in Waukesha, where he met your grandmother, a dear, sweet woman, whom it has been your loss never to have known. Those early days in Waukesha were happy ones to them and many an interesting story has your grandmother told me of those days. To her great amusement she was the recipient of the affection of two *Georges*, and your grandfather always declared she must flag them that one might know when the other had the field. He often gave the other "George" his place in order to enable a "wall flower" to participate in the pleasures of the evening, thus verifying his boyish trait of helping the weaker side. Methinks he must have had a great deal of confidence in his ability to win to have left the field to his rival.

Your grandmother's sister, Mrs. Whitney, will, no doubt, be able to give you many an interesting sketch of Waukesha's early days and of your grandmother's youthful days, in fact her diaries which she has so faithfully kept are full of incidents of their girlhood.

Your grandmother, Sarah Barstow Harding, was the youngest of three sisters. Mrs. Frank Whitney, "Aunt Helen," the eldest, has spent much of her married life in Wisconsin and has no children. Mrs. George Waller, "Aunt Sue," the second sister, married and went to live in San Fransisco, California, and there her husband died. She has two children living out of a large family; one daughter married and went to Chatham, Canada, to live and has two children; the other daughter is unmarried and lives with her mother part of the time at the old Barstow home. (Since writing the above, the married daughter has died, leaving two children, a boy and a girl.) Your grandmother also had a brother, who was a doctor, but he died in the prime of life, leaving one son, William, who was, at the time of writing, electrician on the battleship Wisconsin.

Your great-grandfather, Samuel Barstow, settled in Waukesha (then called Prairieville) over sixty years ago, and there he and his wife celebrated their golden wedding. They were married in Norwich, Connecticut, April 27th, 1830, lived in Cleveland, Ohio, a short time and then came west, coming to Waukesha, Wisconsin, in May, 1839. He was an earnest and active worker in every good cause, a firm friend and helper to the founders of Nashota (a theological college near Waukesha), and his hospitable doors were always open to the day of his death to these clergymen and students as well as to all his friends.

He had the cheeriest disposition of any one that I ever knew, ever bringing a ray of light into the home—charitable to a degree of uncharitableness, in that his good wife, who was his faithful companion in all these long years, seemed never able to keep him in warm clothing during the cold winter weather, for he was constantly meeting with some one, who, he considered, was more needy than himself. He has been known to come home without his coat on a cold day, and warm mittens he never owned for many days together, although his wife was indefatigable with her knitting needles.

He was a handsome old man with silvery white hair, a man who never gave self a moment's thought. One never ceases to miss his bright face and pleasant greetings; he always seemed to send one on one's way with a light heart. His brother, William, was at one time governor of Wisconsin.

In the first years of your grandfather's (George Harding) life at Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, his home was presided over by his maiden sister, "Aunt Nette" and the Auntie Eyre of whom I have told you. I spent a year or two with them until a mistress in the form of your grandmother was brought to the house. Two little incidents in your grandmother's life I have been asked to insert into this narrative.

CATHERINE HARDING, *nèe* STUBBS

She had been a bride in this new country but a short time, when your grandfather, coming home one day to prepare for his usual business trip, found her in tears. His solicitations and inquiry into the cause of this distress divulged the fact of a great longing for *mother*. He speedily announced to "*cry-baby-cripsy*" that if she could get ready he would wait over one day. You can imagine the haste and joy in which her preparations were carried forward, and the morrow found them on their way rejoicing; but the name of "*Crip*," so familiar to your father's and mother's ears, clung to her through life as her husband's favorite name for her.

I think she remained some little time with her mother after your grandfather's departure, and when she started out for her homeward journey, which seemed formidable then from the long tedious stage drive, her mother insisted upon putting up a small flask of brandy; deeming it safer out of sight, she buttoned it up in her dress during that portion of the journey by stage. The way was over rough roads and the jolting caused disaster to the flask, of which she was unconscious, and she rode for miles over that lonely road in mortal terror of what she supposed an intoxicated driver. Imagine her consternation and chagrin when she found the accusation had been laid so undeservedly at his door, when, no doubt, he was attributing the same crime to her.

Then, that part of the country was very new and modes of living were most primitive to the present time. It was a daily occurrence to see Indians in their native costumes, but the Chippewas were a friendly tribe. A night of terror comes to me quite vividly, even now, all owing to a man under the influence of liquor. The Sioux were an unfriendly tribe and much dreaded; this man reported them as marching on our part of the country, burning towns, the massacre of people, etc., and placed the whole country in a ferment. The citizens, with the assistance of the Chippewas, at once made provision for guarding the town, while wagon loads of people from the surrounding country began to pour into the village, many of the women and children in their nightclothes. It was a most exciting scene. I remember sitting in the window, enveloped in a comforter, watching the procession of wagons, not realizing half of the danger should the Sioux come. Those who know anything of the cruelties inflicted by the Indians can form some idea of the relief experienced when the report proved false. It had seemed very feasible from the fact that one was constantly hearing of an outbreak among the Sioux.

Although the Chippewas were a friendly tribe, yet Auntie Eyre and I could never quite dispel our fears of them and when alone in the house never omitted to lock the doors and to hide if we saw them coming, as they frequently did, to beg for bread. That old bookcase in your grandfather's possession always brings back those days to me, as it has often proved a friendly shelter from behind which Auntie Eyre and I would watch the Indians peering in at the windows.

When we think of the modern comforts of travel which come to us each year, the trip to Chippewa Falls in the sixties seems a difficult and tedious undertaking, for one could now go to Europe with less inconvenience. In the trip taken when I was a little girl, our route lay first by train, then by boat and finally by stage. I remember, although a very small child, of an accident to the train, which obliged the passengers to abandon it and walk some distance to a train which was to convey us on our journey and which consisted of flat cars. The boat up the Mississippi river left us at La Crosse, Wisconsin, and from there it was by stage. It is only within quite recent years that one could go otherwise than by stage from Eau Claire to Chippewa Falls. I think the first through train from Milwaukee to Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls was in 1882. My Aunt Nette and I went to Eau Claire that year and we were greatly amused at the so-called towns, and the high sounding names given to the numerous places through which we passed, many of them consisting of merely a saw mill and two or three houses, one bearing the proud title of "Romeo." We, too, appeared to be objects of interest to the woodsmen returning from their winter in camp, to whom the train and its occupants was an incident in their lives.

After a time, your grandfather's health failing, he took the advice of his physician, and his hardware business and interest in the the lumbering business were given up for an open air life. The outcome of this was a return to Waukesha where he bought a farm, the present "Anoka" now wholly devoted to fancy stock. That same year Allan's father (Samuel B. Harding) was born, but at his maternal grandfather's home, the "Barstow Home." Barstow's mother (Josephine Miller, nèe Harding) was born at "Anoka," and there your grandfather and Aunt Jessie still live. The second son, Frank W. Harding, lives in Waukesha, with his wife and one little boy, Collins Herriman Harding, and the youngest son, George W. Harding, is in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

It may be interesting to his grandchildren to have a portion of their grandfather's speech when he became Mayor of Waukesha in 1903. During which mayorality he had the honor of receiving President Roosevelt in his flying visit to Waukesha, April 16th, 1903.

"Waukesha's new mayor, George Harding, presided over the meeting of the city council last evening, and perhaps the most interesting part of the session was his opening address, which was delivered in an entirely informal manner. The key-note of his speech may be summed up in two sentences used by him: 'Although elected on the Democratic ticket, I shall do my duties in my new position entirely regardless of political views; I shall never take into consideration a man's politics when granting or refusing his request; and I believe in the city going ahead and am in favor of reasonable expenditures of money in the accomplishment of this end. — Many remarks have been made with regard to our taxes and the way in which they compare with those of other cities in the state

Walter Stubbs, Jr.
Of Beckbury Hall, Salop

and country. I am satisfied that our rate of taxation is very low, taking into consideration the many advantages of Waukesha as a place of residence. The question of finance is one which should be dealt with carefully, but at the same time I earnestly believe that the city should continue to move ahead and not drop back to the rear ranks on account of a small increase in the tax rate. I think that the city administration, on the whole, has been satisfactory to the majority of the citizens during the past year.

"In regard to the work of the committee on public improvements, perhaps nothing is more urgent than the bettering of the sidewalks throughout the city, and the insisting upon new permanent walks, instead of constant repairing of old wooden ones. The macadamizing work should also be out of the way, when feasible, before the opening of the summer season, and at this time attention should be called to the delay in the improving of William Street, which is much used by visitors on their arrival in the city.

"At present two needs are noticed in the conducting of the cemetery. The first is a correcting of the records and the establishment of a system whereby the records can be easily understood and will be complete; the other is the construction of a suitable receiving vault for bodies coming from outside the city, and for other cases of emergency. These things ought to be attended to promptly.

"The necessity of preserving the emergency hospital should also be impressed upon every one, and aid given by the city to the institution.' "

Many other subjects were brought under consideration but would require too much space. All of the aldermen were present, as was a large crowd of spectators, and everyone paid the strictest attention while the new executive was talking.

Another item taken from a Milwaukee paper may be of interest in coming years. "In 1900 a new bridge and iron works was located in Waukesha, the outgrowth of the efforts of Mr. W. P. Sawyer and George Harding. It is called the 'Modern Steel Structural Co.' George Harding's son, Samuel B. Harding, who has a skilled knowledge of this business, will be at the head of the institution."

My grandfather's (Walter Harding) eldest daughter, Flora, died soon after the death of her eldest son (which was in 1896) Gideon Edmund, who was her mainstay and pride.

The following is a little sketch of his life:

"Gideon Edmund Meigs, born at Aurora, New York, March 5th, 1840, removed to Buffalo, New York, in 1848. He entered the common schools there and later the McGarra high school, from which he graduated in 1856 with high honors. Then he went to Painesville, Ohio, as apprentice to a harness maker,

but Mr. George Steele, the banker, became interested in him, secured his release from his employer and gave him a position in his bank, where he remained until the civil war broke out, when, severing his business relations, he enlisted in Company D, 7th Ohio volunteers, and served in that organization until the close of the war.

"His regiment was almost obliterated in the earlier engagements of the great conflict. His companions speak most highly of his bravery, intelligent judgment, kindness of heart and chivalric enthusiasm for the cause for which they were battling.

"At the close of the war, Mr. Meigs returned to his old home and entered business, but was not successful. Spending no time grieving over his losses, he sought and obtained employment as a travelling salesman. After several years he returned to Painesville, and though not legally held, paid every dollar of his indebtedness. But few men have been so conscientiously honest with their creditors.

"In 1876 Mr. Meigs connected himself with Liggett and Meyers Tobacco Co., and was closely connected with the establishment. His territory embraced the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, West Virginia and Pennsylvania. For many years he received a princely compensation for his services, but he was generous to a fault, many unworthy people took advantage of this trait, and he died insolvent. It was his aim, toward which he worked untiringly, to see Liggett and Meyers Tobacco Co. at the head of a tobacco manufacturing world, and he lived to see his hopes realized.

"He died suddenly of apoplexy in the Chicago office of the firm, January 13th, 1896, at the age of fifty-six years. His remains were taken to Painesville, his former home. He had been Mayor of Painesville and the city's flag was at half-mast; a large part of the population attended the obsequies under the charge of the Dyer Post, G. A. R. Great grief was evinced by the citizens of that city, as he had promoted and helped to establish most of the industries of the city.

"Mr. Meigs was a typical and model American commercial traveller, brave, patriotic, companionable, full of energy, enterprise, commercial progressiveness, and possessed of indomitable persistency and industry, loyal to the interests of his firm and enthusiastic in its behalf. Kind and courteous not only to friends and customers but to his competitors as well. Thoroughly imbued with the principles of honesty and integrity. He was for many years a member of the Western Commercial Travellers' Association of St. Louis. He was modest and unassuming as to his own merits and abilities; his heart and hand were always open to relieve a fellow traveller in distress in any form.

"The warmth and friendship which characterized the relations of Col. M. C. Wetmore and Mr. Meigs, called back from the dead centuries of the past the beautiful story of Damon and Pythias, and furnishes a living example for the men of today which is well worthy of emulation. Col. Wetmore said: 'His

Judith Stubbs
Of Beckbury Hall

loss to this Company is irreparable. He was a man of great ability. His judgment was of the best, and his conclusions almost always correct; he was one of the mainstays on which we leaned. We shall not soon see his like again.' "

To return to the life of the mother of Gideon Edmund. She was married soon after their arrival in America to Gideon E. Meigs, a sea captain, the captain of the ship which brought them across the Atlantic. Of a large family of six sons and two daughters only two remain. Both are married and living in Massachusetts. The daughter, Henrietta, has children and grandchildren. The son Jonathan, is married and has two children.

The mother's life was a sad one. She was early left a widow, then she was called upon to give up two of her sons in behalf of her adopted country, in the civil war; while Gideon served as colonel in an Ohio regiment and a younger son, Joseph, entered at the age of eighteen and served three years. Nathaniel, the admiration of my childhood, fell on the battlefield and was spoken of as a brave and courageous soldier, while Richard was drowned. Gideon left a son and daughter by his first wife, both married, and a son by another marriage.

Since writing the above, a book of the Meigs genealogy has come to my notice through the kindness and courtesy of Mrs. Lucy A. Burgert, of Cleveland, Ohio. It is a book containing the lives of many men of sterling worth of whom their descendants may justly be proud,—men standing high in all walks of life, and dating back to the early days of New England in 1639; men who have fought and died for their country, of both Revolutionary and Civil War fame, men of letters; and it is curious to find named in the will of one dating back to 1672, "manuscripts and books of a kind likely to be owned by a person of considerable culture for those days." Captain E. Meigs (husband of Flora Meigs) ran away to sea at an early age because farm work in Maine was distasteful to him; shipped as a cabin boy and later before the mast on whalers. On one voyage he helped an infirm old sailor in his duties, who in turn taught him navigation.

With this advantage he gradually worked himself up to command a vessel. On one of his voyages from Liverpool he had as passengers, the family of Walter Harding, wife and nine children, one of whom, the eldest, Flora, afterwards became his wife. His last ship was the Montpelier, now used as a sailor's bethel in New York. His life at sea was full of adventures and dangers common to the sailor on sailing vessels.

Soon after his marriage he forsook the water and became a saw-mill proprietor at Aurora, New York, where his father-in-law had settled, and here and in Buffalo the rest of his life was spent. "To an interesting letter written by him December 14th, 1868, to his brother, Dr. William Meigs, we are indebted to much of our early knowledge of the Massachusetts branch." This Dr. William Meigs, a student always, found an opportunity to publish several books on mathematics.

From letters of the only surviving son of Gideon E. Meigs, we learn that he was fair with light hair and blue eyes; his mother was fair, tall and fine looking. Captain Meigs' wife, Flora Harding, was only nineteen years of age when they left England and was the eldest of six sisters and three brothers.

As every item about our grandparents (Walter and Anne Harding) must be of interest to all, it is well to quote further from these letters. "With my grandparents came two men-servants and several dogs belonging to my grandfather. My grandfather was six feet and two inches in height. They had a cabin, as it was a sailing ship and there were three hundred steerage passengers, mostly Irish. In those days each one was required to provide so much food for the voyage; storms and mishaps delayed them and food proved insufficient; fortunately they hailed a passing ship and renewed supplies; also shipped new rudder. They sailed into New York harbor without bulwarks and in a battered condition but all well. The family came up the Erie canal in passenger boats of that day.

"Grandfather bought a farm at Aurora, New York, and my father had a saw mill there, but my English grandfather soon died and the saw mill burned, all being lost. Then my father and mother moved to Buffalo, New York."

Captain Meigs had a saw mill up to the time of his death. He died of cholera morbus, having had the genuine cholera twelve years before. He left the sea when but thirty-three years of age, which the son thinks was the mistake of his life. To Captain E. Meigs and his wife, Flora, came six sons and two daughters. The life of the eldest, Gideon, has been given above; Walter E. died young; Nathaniel M. died on the battlefield at Greenville, Virginia, during the civil war, he was twenty years old and six feet tall; Richard Montgomery was drowned while on special leave from the 25th Ohio battery. He was a fine swimmer, but is supposed to have been shot from the shore, as while in sight he did not try to swim, but seemed bewildered. He was an officer of a colored regiment and threats had been made to shoot anyone who was in command of a colored regiment. Joseph entered the army at the age of eighteen and served three years; Jonathan, the youngest, is still living and practicing medicine near Boston. Of the daughters, Flora died young; Henrietta is living and has children and grandchildren.

An interesting item in connection with Captain Gideon E. Meigs, is that a nephew built the first locomotive, for which he drafted his own model to build from. He lived to see the Hinkley locomotive used on the best equipped roads in the United States and Canada. He rose from a poor boy to the position of president of one of the three largest locomotive corporations in the United States. He used to say, "Money is good but not all nor the best."

Walter Stubbs, Æt.
Of Beckbury Hall

Henrietta, the third daughter of Walter Harding, had a life which could not always be called sad, yet it was a battle with hardships in a new country with an ever increasing family to the number of thirteen boys, of whom only three survive her—two, Edgar and John are married, Beverly still unmarried and living in the old home.

I have heard this aunt relate the trials of those early days when their home was a log house, with no neighbors for miles and the wolves came howling around the doors at night. When she could no longer withstand the longing for intercourse with her fellow-beings, she would carry her baby and walk many miles, between the dinner and supper hours, to visit a neighbor; and once, in order to see her mother, she was obliged to ride thirty-five miles through the country with a babe in arms, and yet, from my earliest recollections, she was a frail, delicate woman. What a wonderful strength of will she must have possessed to have endured and survived those hardships. She was beloved by all who knew her for her gentleness, patience and christian charity, a refined spirit whose life must have almost seemed a burden in such uncongenial atmosphere, but she was ever bright and cheerful, always seeing a "silver lining to every cloud." I know a warm welcome awaited her coming in our home. She died May 7th, 1896.

A second daughter was Mrs. Terbush, Aunt Harriet, who lived, from my childhood, in the same town with us, so that her home was a second home to us children. January 10th, 1900, she died at the home of her daughter in Kenosha, Wisconsin. This daughter and only child married a widower with two children in July, 1862, and is now a widow.

Grandfather's (Walter Harding) eldest son, Walter, died in California, a victim of an accident. He was married twice, first to Sarah Lloyd of Kankakee, Illinois, by whom he had one child, Lloyd, who is married and was living with his wife and two children in St. Paul, Minnesota, when last heard from many years ago. By a second wife there were four children, two of whom died in infancy. Anna, married to Charles Sumner Bachelder, has four children and is living in California; Ralph married Dora Evans and has one child, he also lives in California. His wife has died since the above was written and on May 6th, 1903, he was married a second time.

Another son of Walter Harding, Joseph, is still living. We have the remembrance of him as a soldier in the civil war. His duties therein, from all we have heard, were performed with credit, and he has delighted his small nieces and nephews with the thrilling stories of his experiences in the Libby and Andersonville prisons. I have seen your father, mother and uncles sit with faces of intensest interest as he related how he was taken prisoner and of the burning of bonds and money in his possession, which, in his opinion, were better in the flames than in the hands of the confederates.

His daughter, Mrs. Charles Smith, lived for many years in Chicago, but has recently moved to the suburb of Edgewater. She has two daughters, Elizabeth Pond and Theresa Catherine, and one son, Suydam Knox, all born in Chicago, Illinois. By a second marriage there is a son, Harry A., whose ambition led him to work his way through college. By his own exertions he found what the old world had to offer in the way of knowledge upon the subject of biology in which he was greatly interested. After his return from Europe he devoted himself exclusively to the subject of bacteriology, bringing out pamphlets on the subject. He is now filling a position as bacteriologist of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station at Geneva, New York. He is married and has one son, Harry Gordon, born July 23d, 1903.

He has recently sent me this little sketch of his life: "I was born at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin; removed to farm near Brodhead, Wisconsin, in 1878; entered Brodhead school in 1887; graduated from the Brodhead high school in classical course; entered University of Wisconsin in September, 1892, in general science course; granted B. S. degree in June, 1896 (B. S.—Thesis, bacteria and the production of silage); student-janitor during undergraduate work; laboratory assistant during post graduate work, 1896–97; Fellow in bacteriology, 1897–98; M. S. degree, June, 1898 (M. S.—Thesis, life history of bacilus campestris, Pam.); weather observer, Washburn observatory, 1895–98; state botanical survey, summer of 1896; studied in Europe, July, 1898, to January, 1899; bacteriologist to New York Agricultural Experiment Station, January, 1899, to date."

The following will include much of my own life, but having had opportunities which enable me to tell you, from personal experience, something of the English portion of the family, it may prove interesting. My mother, Jane M. Harding, the fourth daughter of Walter Harding, was married at the age of twenty-five, to Orrin Holt of Willington, Connecticut, a widower with five sons grown to manhood and a young daughter; two of the sons were married.

My father was known as General Holt, I think from his connection with the state militia; he was also a great politician and a member of Congress, so that he was familiar with many of the prominent statesmen of that day. From a genealogy of the Holt family, I find the following: "Orrin Holt was representative to general assembly and state senator, member of Congress for four years and held all grades of military titles up to inspector general."

I first saw light at the old home in Willington, Connecticut. The house was considered quite a mansion in those days and it has been my good fortune in later years to make a flying visit there, making, to me, my birthplace more of a reality than the dream that it was. It is the inevitable New England home, white with green blinds and with massive pillars in front, which give to it the appearance of a colonial house.

JUDITH STUBBS, *nèe* GOULDSMYTH
Of Beckbury Hall

The country surrounding it was very hilly and well wooded, so much so, that I have often heard my mother say, jestingly, that where I was born the trees had to be cut down to enable one to see the sun shine. Apropos of these hills is another little story of hers. Missing me one day she happened to glance out of the window in time to see my half-brother, Thaddeus, on the back of a horse, with me seated in front, galloping up one of these steep hills. One of the names given me in babyhood was "Lang-a-doo-ster." What significance it had or from whence it came is still a mystery. (That reminds me that Allan's father called his father "Larky Bob," and one night, after a long absence, your grandfather returned and in his impatience to see his son he carried the light to the little bed, which naturally awoke the son, whose first exclamation on recognition was "Hello, Larky Bob," to the great amusement of your grandfather.)

But to return. I was only a few months over a year old when my father died, so that I have been deprived of one of the joys of childhood, the knowledge of a father, for, of course, I was too young to remember him. I knew nothing of these half-brothers and half-sister until I was a young lady, for my mother returned to her mother after my father's death. My half-sister, now Mrs. Francis Thorn, then a small child, went to live with a married brother, a portion of the time in London, Canada.

A correspondence of a few years was kept up between my mother and this half-sister, but other things of life intervened and, as so often happens, this correspondence gradually drifted away. It was a great delight to me, when a child, to hear of these mysterious half-brothers and sister, so many little incidents were impressed upon my memory never to be forgotten. I was never tired of hearing of this half-sister's beautiful hair, and to this day I can never see her arranging it without my mother's words coming back to me.

How I lived in the hope and with the firm belief that one day these strange relatives would be known to me; by an odd fate this hope materialized. My half-sister married and for some years lived in Springfield, Massachusetts. Finally her husband decided to come west to try his fortunes and located in Chicago. With the knowledge that somewhere in this western country there existed for his wife a mother and sister, he came with the idea of finding them. Being connected with an insurance firm, it proved a means of discovery. Imagine my mother's surprise and pleasure upon receiving a letter from this stepdaughter, which was followed by the, to us, exciting news that she would soon be with us. Thus began the acquaintance with a sister which has proved the old adage "blood is thicker than water" and which has been to me one of the greatest comforts of my life, especially since my mother's death in 1877.

My half-brothers and their families I have never known much of, only a short visit to them just after my mother's death. Norman went to Missouri from Connecticut soon after the civil war; the younger brother, Thaddeus, soon followed him and there found his wife; while Norman was married when he went

to Missouri to live. Of the five brothers, not one is living; Thaddeus I never saw and George left us March, 1902, after a year in the Highland Park home.

In the meantime my mother had married again, and bravely, a second time, assumed the care of children not her own, as she married a widower, Charles Fountaine, with five small children, two sons and three daughters, the younger daughter just one month my senior. With them my life has been closely connected from childhood, more especially the daughters, whose thoughts for me have ever been the most kind and generous and in whose homes I have ever found the warmest welcome. To them my mother was ever as their own, and is as tenderly spoken of and held in memory as dear and sacred as if a mother by a closer tie.

Like all her family, my mother was destined to fight the hard battles of life, but we children never knew her to be anything but cheerful, trying always to look on the bright side of life. She was an intellectual woman, a good conversationalist and never lost an opportunity of enlightening herself upon every subject. It was the pride of our childish hearts that she was always able to solve all the difficult questions propounded to us by our teachers, and with what pride we would give our authority as "our mother." After my step-father's death, and indeed before that, she found time, although burdened with the cares and maintenance of a large family, to look after the welfare of her poorer brethren.

Did she hear of a family in distress, no night was too dark or too cold for her to venture out to carry succor ere she went to rest herself. We children were initiated into the service, and one day of each week found us doling out pork, beans, tea, coffee, sugar, etc. (donated by the church) to those who were needy and whose condition had been investigated.

As each spring advances I can always see her as she walked about the garden with her hands behind her on the lookout for the first harbingers of spring, for she dearly loved the flowers and to her the first early crocus was a most welcome guest. The following is from a notice written after her death:

"We regret that some abler pen than ours has not been prompted to sketch the life of this noble woman. The late Rev. Edward C. Porter often told us of her wonderful executive ability and her untiring zeal in behalf of the needy. Although having a care that most men would have regarded as a heavy load, she was always ready to go with him to visit the sick, and for many years we doubt if there was a destitute family in her vicinity that she had not visited. Her sufferings during the past six months have been intense, and while her friends will mourn their own great loss in her death, they can but remember that she has laid down this weary load of suffering to enter upon an eternal life of happiness and enjoy the fruits of a well spent life on earth."

JOHN GOULDSMYTH
Barrister

The other day there came to me a letter written by my mother, in her twentieth year, to her sister Josephine, in England. The breaking up of the English home, the loss met with in the new country and the struggle for existence deprived them all of the education which should have been theirs. In that early day, too, there were not so many advantages and opportunities as exist today.

My dear Josephine:—

As a gentleman is going to England from Racine, I take up my pen to send you a few lines, he is not an acquaintance, merely a person I heard was going, but it is so long since I have addressed you, as the saying is, on my own hook and line, and now I ask the pleasure of receiving a letter from you as I am going to leave Racine the first of May, for Geneva.

I must tell you some sad news, we had a great loss in the death of poor Octavia, she died on the third of April, her death was caused by an overdose of tartar emetic administered by mistake; she was sensible to the last and went off without a struggle. They held an inquest over her, we will send you a paper which will tell you all about it. The inhabitants of Racine were very kind to my mother; there was a large attendance, and the text was—seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and a part of the fifty-ninth verse, "Lord receive my spirit." [This medicine was put up by mistake by a clerk at a chemist's. A. K. H.]

I deeply feel for you on the occasion of Aunt Mary's death. Annette has the fever from over-excitement, but is much better tonight. Mama is sick and Harriet and I have the ague; you must excuse the writing for my side is so painful I can write but little at a time, these are western complaints.

Miss Eyre is going to write Mr. George Harding and will give you all the circumstances of the death of Octavia as they say I have not given it fully, but I cannot make long stories and she is first rate at it. I like to write long letters but it seems as tho' we had nothing in common. I do not know if my pursuits and thoughts of matters and things will interest you, brought up so differently from what we have been. I, to use a favorite mode of speaking of Miss Eyre's, knocked from *pillar* to *post* and you sheltered from every storm, but two qualities my training has given me, energy and decision. I am no helpless fine lady.

They are talking of going from here to Buffalo for four dollars, if so, I hope to revisit the city in the fall. I am sorry that I ever left York State as I do not like the West.

I believe you are under the impression I am either married or going to be. I can assure you it is a mistake. I am afraid I shall be under the painful necessity of dying an old maid and there is nothing so shocking in it after all. Do you remember how my grandmother scolded me for saying I was going to be married, but I do not think now I shall soon be tempted to commit matrimony. I cannot say as much for you for as far as my poor judgment extends, Cousin Harry stands a fair chance. I do not remember much of him except that he

was a wild, graceless youth [they could not have been more than ten years old when she last saw him. A. K. H.] who teased me almost to death. Give him my love. (Cousins may send love, I believe.) When you write, a line from him would be most welcome, for I expect that you will answer this and write to no one but me, a letter all to myself; write me a good long letter and we will keep a constant interchange of letters and get acquainted as that is all I shall know of you, I suppose, as you speak of the uncertainty of your ever coming to this country.

Miss Eyre will send you some verses that were sung at the funeral, they were very sweet. You asked in one of your letters if I were fond of poetry. I conclude that you are, then we have something in common. Byron, Moore, Scott, Burns, and Campbell I have hung over with more delight than any one thing ever gave me, but Moore is my favorite author; his "Loves of Angels" is past my praise. I fear it has exalted my idea of devoted love so high nothing can reach my standard. I am too fastidious for my station, I shall never realize my beau ideal of wedded life I am afraid. I can say with Coleridge — "My eyes make pictures when they are shut." Now, Joe, you must try and love your wayward, willful and somewhat sarcastic sister, you must take me on trust for as an old saw says—"Doubt it proves the downward way, but trust unlocks the gates of heaven."

Henrietta has gone to live at Silver Lake, about fifty miles from here [now Ottawa, Waukesha Co. A. K. H.], she is well and contented. Ma wants you to write to her as soon as you can, as she wants to hear badly. I must now conclude as my fingers are stiff.

God bless you is the prayer of your affectionate sister,

Jane H.

A few lines written by Auntie Eyre tells of Jane lying very ill with ague and jaundice before this letter left. My grandmother adds a few lines to this same letter, to her daughter, Josephine.

Dear Josephine:

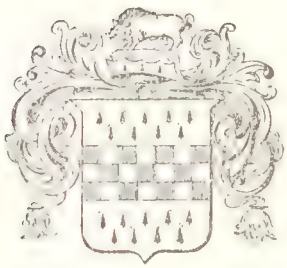
I will write you a long letter as soon as my health and spirits will allow, but I am at this time so low spirited that I cannot say anything that is pleasant to you, only that I have heard that my dear boys are well and that your brother Joseph is coming to me and that your brother Walter has gone to Pennsylvania, but whether he will remain there or not I do not know. At present our dear little George is well and learns to read very well. [This is "your" grandfather. A. K. H.] The doctor says he will soon be able to study, his sister is going to give him a good education and he is to be either a doctor or a lawyer, which he likes best. Jane is now at home with us. I hope to hear from you before you get this. God bless you. Your affectionate mother,

Anne Harding.

Richard Atherton
First husband of Elizabeth Harington

If I have been too enthusiastic over the subject of my mother I know it will meet with pardon from all who have known a mother's love, and in these pages, which are only intended for family memoirs, one cannot refrain from eulogizing a dearly loved mother.

After my mother's death, we lived in the old home a few years, but as two of my step-sisters married, the care became too much of a burden for us two who remained, so that our next great sorrow was the breaking up of the home wherein so many happy years had been spent. This was in 1883. Since that time the third step-sister has married.



Elizabeth Atherton Gouldsmyth
née Hapkinton
and Daughter Elizabeth Atherton

CHAPTER IV.

HOW little one foresees the changes which may be wrought in one short year! The following year came to me fraught with sorrow and pleasure. Sorrow in the loss of Aunt Nette and the witnessing of her so great suffering; while my mind seemed in a dazed state as to the future, fate seemed to have happiness and pleasure in store for me. Quite unexpectedly, a letter came to me containing an invitation for a year's visit in England. At first this seemed such an improbable proposition, but wiser heads than mine decided a question the outcome of which proved the greatest blessing of my life.

In less than a month preparations were completed, my ticket secured, and I felt as though I was living in a dream. Now I am wondering if the little boys, for whom this narrative is written, will, at some future time, be interested in a few of the details of this trip. As what I wish to make clearer and to familiarize them with, The Pedigree Book, is so interwoven with my own experience, it may be as well to give them an introduction into the English branch, interlarded with the ways and means, the ups and downs of the first one of the American family who started out to explore the unknown region.

As I have told you, we had an aunt and several cousins living in England with whom some one of the family had carried on a desultory correspondence for years, with the hope of one day becoming personally acquainted.

One of these cousins had gone to make her home, for a short time, in West Kensington, London, with Miss Sharpe, the compiler of the genealogy, who in the course of compiling this work came to know our English cousins and through them the American branch. During Aunt Nette's illness I was the family correspondent, and through my correspondence with this cousin, Miss Sharpe became so interested that, after Aunt Nette's death, she conceived the idea of a complete change as most beneficial for me and that an American inmate in her home would be a diversion for herself. Always prompt to act

upon a kind thought, a letter containing an invitation was soon on its way announcing that it would be useless to think of spending less than a year, and thus began an acquaintance and friendship without which life would have seemed so empty.

A family, with whom I was slightly acquainted, were on the eve of sailing for Scotland, and they, through the intervention of friends, burdened themselves with my inexperienced self and most faithfully performed their task, if so it may be called, and when I look back upon the fact that I threw myself entirely upon their good nature, I must indeed have added to the care, for even the stern reality of steaming out of New York harbor hardly brought me to a realizing fact of what was before me. I think through it all I was simply dazed, caused by the past year's responsibility and care.

We had a day never to be forgotten at Niagara and in New York, sailing about two o'clock, June 19th, 1884, on the good ship Nebraska, of the State Line, manned by Scotch officers and seamen and bound for Glasgow, Scotland.

How we watched with intense interest the receding city and mass of humanity which lined the docks eager for the last glimpse of departing friends, which brought to mind those beautiful lines of Helen Hunt Jackson's from "Outward Bound."

> "No sea more foreign rolls than breaks
> Across our threshold when the day is born;
> We sail at sunrise, daily, outward bound."

Yet how prone one is to think with fear of the many days spent on the boundless ocean, cradled by the waves, but surely "the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb," even if in a very uncomfortable way, for "mal de mere" soon replaces every other thought when this never failing enemy of a sea voyage asserts itself. Aggravating indeed was this fact when the weather was the most perfect through the entire trip, making the victims appear ridiculously poor sailors. Our "compagnons du voyage" were most pleasant, a party of young people, the life of the trip.

That you may judge how little thought I had given to the ways and means of this trip, imagine my consternation when I learned that my friends were to leave me at Glasgow to continue my journey alone—alone in a foreign country —to London; even then it did not occur to me that I was to leave the ship for that lonely part of the trip. As usual, the last dinner on board was full of interest and excitement, many excellent toasts were given. One in particular, "to the ladies," called forth much amusement, for when it was discovered that one gentleman had made the acquaintance of his three wives on board ship, the captain rose with a plea for a commission on all matches made on board his ship. But one lasting impression was the gorgeous sunset. I can picture it now, the afterglow so vivid that it would have seemed improbable from the hand of man.

Dr. Jonathan Goldsmith

How refreshing the green grass looked the next morning, even seen through a Scotch mist! The river was so low that we could not land at Greenock; and with what trepidation we looked at the tender which came alongside to take us with our luggage to land, and again at the dizzy height from the tender to the dock; but we were soon safely landed and seated in the odd little train, speeding through Scotch scenery to Glasgow. At Glasgow I separated from my American friends, after they had seen me safely seated in the train for my night's journey. I remember how I looked askance at a fellow traveller, as the guard locked the door of the compartment, who, the young boy of the party assured me must be crazy—for when did a boy ever omit an opportunity to tease—but my fellow traveller proved himself a sane gentlemen by alighting at the first opportunity and taking another compartment, so I was left "monarch of all I surveyed" until ten o'clock P. M., when a change was necessary.

Although a late hour of the evening, it was so light that it seemed barely sundown. In answer to my petition that I might be left sole occupant of the compartment, a kind guard had "engaged" put up on the window; he then arranged the seats into quite a comfortable couch and I was left to myself, when tired nature asserted herself and all was oblivion until between four and five o'clock in the morning, when we arrived at Paddington Station, London.

My cousin was to meet me, and as we were strangers, the agreed upon signal of each holding by one corner, in the right hand, a handkerchief, was effective and we were soon comfortably seated in a carriage for the drive of five miles to West Kensington, London. No sooner had we started than a little basket appeared containing an array of dainty bread and butter sandwiches. It was a bewildering drive to a tired brain, although so early, the streets contained a busy throng.

I did not see Miss Sharpe when we reached home, but found a nice, warm bath ready, after which kind hands had prepared a cup of tea and bread, which temptingly greeted me as I entered the room. The bed was a puzzle. The counterpane thrown over even the pillows, made it appear as though awaiting its clean linen, but upon investigation it proved intact and ready, inviting me to partake of its comforts. Never before did a bed seem such a comfort. The strain of the journey over, nerves relaxed, I felt that I should never want to rise again, and only in a dreamy state did I realize the furious attempts of the household to drive away hand-organs, street bands, street criers, etc. After the quiet of the ocean this seemed a bee-hive, but a stupor seemed to inthrall me until the cousin appeared, at twelve o'clock, with wine and fruit. Surely the English maxim "eat little and often" was being emphatically emphasized.

Meanwhile I had seen nothing of my hostess, to whom I owed a debt of gratitude for the opportunity of recuperating a little of my strength. When she came up stairs to dress for luncheon she came in to welcome me to her home and to England in such an easy, kind and graceful manner, that instead of an anticipated ordeal, I was at once put at ease and made to feel that I had found a home.

My thoughts of her will always return to that first meeting, as I saw her then, so handsome and dignified; a strong, characteristic yet sweet face framed in snow white hair worn "a la pompadour" and contrasting so beautifully with the pale blue silk of her morning tea gown. My heart went out to her at once, nor has it ever wavered in its allegiance to its first impressions, and over seventeen years' acquaintanceship has strengthened the love which has broadened and enriched my whole life. As I found later, to live with her was an education in every branch of life. Living day after day in her home one found her never otherwise than gentle, always conservative in her ways and opinions. A mind so cultivated and intellectual for a companion in a foreign country was an opportunity which seldom falls to the lot of travellers. Deeply imbued with the love and veneration of the past, she made a delightful companion in our almost daily excursions.

Not only did she call attention to the architectural beauty, but inspired us with a love for each historical building or spot and threw a glamour over the whole by her power of imagination in drawing pictures of the times and peopling the places with characters given us by history and fiction. Thackeray's and Dickens' characters, and a host of others, became living men and women through her imaginative power. Before this, history had seemed to me a mere dream and the standard authors like some fabulous beings to be worshipped afar; now to be actually seeing their homes and living in their atmosphere seemed hardly credible.

Dean Stanley says truly, "Every one who has endeavored to study history must be struck by the advantage which those enjoy who live within the neighborhood of historical monuments. To have seen the place is next to seeing the event." The same with noted characters as with historical monuments. We who live afar are apt to place a writer of fame upon a pedestal, thinking of him and his works as something apart from mortal man, while those who live in proximity read and enjoy those works with less ecstatic feeling. Oh! those were happy days. I think the joys of *first* sights and *first* impressions are not half appreciated; too much travel is like being surfeited by too many sweets. Still, with Dean Stanley, one cannot but feel that the real enjoyment in life is heightened by daily contact with historical monuments and surroundings.

I have told you how I came to make this trip, now I think that you would like to know something of the person to whom we are all indebted for her genealogical efforts, which have proved a pleasure and benefit to us, although not a work in behalf of our branch of the family, of whom she knew nothing until research brought us to her notice.

This work she spent thirty years in perfecting, proving it as she proceeded and as certificates of births and marriages are in existence, there is no hesitancy in taking it all as "gospel truth." To show how indefatigable were her labors, for many years she diligently searched for the proof of one marriage, that of

JONATHAN COPE OF RANTON ABBEY
Original in possession of Marquis of Huntly

John Gouldsmyth and Elizabeth Cope (daughter of Jonathan Cope and Anna Fermor, his wife). Having no clue except that his county was Cheshire and that he was a barrister in London, she persisted in her task for seventeen years and at last her efforts were crowned with success by proof of their marriage in Henry VII's chapel, Westminster Abbey.

That dear old Westminster Abbey, which becomes with constant association a part of one's life; "a dear friend in whose presence one may spend so many happy hours steeping one's self in dreams of the inspiring or pathetic past, amid the monuments of the ancient dead hereos and kings whose names and works yet live though their bodies are buried in peace."

The proof of this marriage, strange to relate, was obtained through an American, Colonel Chester (a Philadelphian, who many years resided in London), who annotated a book of marriages and births of Westminster Abbey, a book written under the auspices of Dean Stanley and gratefully received by antiquarians in England. After his death a tablet was placed to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

Miss Sharpe was about fifty years of age when I first knew her, and she had recently lost her mother. She was an only daughter but had three half-brothers, as her mother had married a widower with three sons. The eldest, Dr. Alexander Ellis, was a learned and scientific man, a writer of some note, winning from his university the degree of Dr. (D. Litt. of Cambridge, i. e., Doctor of Literature). I believe his name was embellished with every letter of the alphabet, except X, Y, Z, indicative of literary honors won at different times through his life. He and Isaac Pitman were the originators of the shorthand, although his name does not appear. The last years of his life were given to a work on English dialects, and only a few hours a day were reserved for exercise necessary for health, so eager was he to accomplish the task before he was called away, having then passed the allotted years of threescore and ten. The other two brothers were officers in the English army, the elder being killed in the Crimea.

Miss Sharpe was a veritable child of luxury, and has often said that she envied the poor children of the street so free from restraint; a nurse or governess guarded her every movement in childhood, while a footman followed "his respectful distance" in her older years. American children can hardly realize the restrictions of the youthful days of English children.

During her mother's life they lived the conventional life of an English gentleman's family of means; her father considered it useless and unbecoming to a lady to know ought of the world, they must be as the lilies of the field "to toil not, neither to spin;" their place in the world was simply ornamental. How horrified he would be at the women of the present day! After her mother's death she determined to try a sort of Bohemian life which had always appeared so fascinating to her, and many amusing experiences fell to her lot during her initiation. She first established herself in apartments, thinking that a delightfully free and

independent life. Free it proved, for the consumption of butter, tea, etc., seemed marvelous, although she was ignorant of the quantity a pound of butter was supposed to contain until enlightened by a grocer. These trials led to a change and resulted in the taking of a house in the suburbs of London where I first knew her.

Her younger life was varied by travel. She was educated in Paris, and she had the delightful experience in her early girlhood of posting through Italy, using their own carriage with ever renewed post horses. It was at this time that she had the great pleasure of witnessing and participating in the carnival at Rome.

Much of her life she has written for me in connection with the history of the little place were she was born and loved so well—dear little Windsor—though little in size, large in interest and importance in England's history as the home of the kings and so the center of the Empire.

In my visits to Miss Sharpe, I have greatly enjoyed the friendship of her nephew's family, consisting of his wife and two children, a son and a daughter, who have verified the term "true hospitality" and enabled me to add much to my store of pleasant memories. The children's life interested me greatly, such busy, wholesome lives, but the monotony of Latin and French verbs is interspersed with music, dancing, swimming and equestrian lessons, a gallop on the sands is supposed to sweep away the cobwebs, leaving the brain fresh for renewed attacks on syntax or similar instructions.

Among the girlhood friends of Miss Sharpe was a Miss Thackeray, a cousin of the author, William Makepeace, who has for many years lived near Rouen in France. She was very charming to meet; at the time I met her she was staying in London on account of the illness of her mother, Lady Elizabeth Thackeray. She told us a story in connection with the illness of the old German Emperor. At her first appearance in the society world, at a very early age, her mother had opened a ball given on board her father's (who was an admiral) ship with the German Emperor, William I., then Prince of Prussia. Now they were both very ill, both in the eighties, so it was with great interest that Lady Elizabeth watched the daily bulletins of the Emperor's condition. I believe she was the first to cross the bourne.

Another of Miss Sharpe's acquaintances, of whom we liked to hear, and whose autobiography we found most interesting, was Frances Power Cobb. Her name is impressed upon my memory from the amusing little tale she relates about her childhood. When the Te Deum was sung in church and she heard the line "and all the *powers* therein" she felt assured of a safe entrance into Heaven for her and her family.

"She was an excellent writer, a mistress of language in the sense of expression. Some of her books are: 'An Essay on Intuitive Morals,' 'Cities of the Past,' 'Broken Lights,' and 'Thanksgiving,' a chapter of religious duty. She is a

ANNA COPLEY, *née* FERMOR
Original in possession of Marquis of Huntly

Tory in politics and a Theist in religion, and was, in the early days of its existence, an editor of the Echo newspaper, for it was then high Tory in its views. She was also a founder of the Anti-Vivisection Society and of the very useful institution, the 'Home for Dogs,' which has become quite a public and police institution of London. She is partly Irish by birth, though of English origin, and of course knows all the literary society of London."

The above was written for me some ten or more years ago.

CHAPTER V.

THE days following my arrival in England, in fact all the days of my new life, flew by as though on wings, each one filled with its own special pleasures. With the compiler of the genealogy as our guide, we were naturally inspired with a desire for knowledge and research into every spot of ancestral interest, as we listened to its history or its connection with the different ancestors, whose names we were anxious to familiarize at no late date. I can realize now how stupid I must have appeared in my attempt to remember the faces of the numerous pictures in Miss Sharpe's possession, or to place each in his or her genealogical position.

The intense interest in the old church of St. Bartholomew the Great, from whence the martyrs in "Bloody Mary's" reign were led out to be burned at the stake in the field opposite—that old church founded by Rayere in 1143—was enhanced by the fact that here our ancestor, John Gouldsmyth, was baptized in 1654, and in Norfolk Street, off the busy Strand, his son, Dr. Jonathan Gouldsmyth, lived, and died in 1732.

A place we frequently passed in our walks was "Holland House." Holland House now standing back separated by its Park from the busy thoroughfare of High Street, Kensington, once a country residence surrounded by green fields, was built in the time of James I., by Sir Walter Cope, and was called "Cope Castle." Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie has a picturesque description of it in her "Old Kensington," and one of our modern authors has given us a very good picture of its surroundings in its early days, yet in the days when the town was fast encroaching upon its solitude.

It is where the renowned Charles Fox, son of a Lord Holland, takes Richard Carvel to the scene of his boyhood days and home "So we came to Holland House. Its wild fields and sprouting corn, its woods and pastures and orchards in blossom were smiling that morning as tho' Leviathan, the town, were not rolling onward to swallow them. Lord Holland bought the place from the

Warwicks with all its association and memories. The capped towers and quaint façades and projecting windows were plain to be seen from where we halted in the park. Under the majestic oaks and cedars Cromwell and Ireton had stood while the beaten royalists lashed their horses on to Brentford. Nor did I forget that the renowned Addison had lived here after his unhappy marriage with Lady Warwick and had often ridden hence to Button's Coffee House, in town, where my grandfather had had his dinner with Dean Swift."

Again we have the following from another source: "This famous structure, so rich in varied associations, rendered conspicuous among other things by the opulence of a Rich, the loves of an Ormande, the councils of a Cromwell and the parliamentary career of an Addison, well deserved the encomiums of Lord Macaulay when he declared that it could boast of a 'greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England.' Indeed, for nearly two centuries and a half it was the haunt of the elite of statesmen, philosophers, painters, poets, humorists, and all other men of light and leading in the various paths of art, literature and science."

Sir Walter Cope gave it to his son-in-law, Henry Rich, Lord Holland, hence it became known as Holland House, losing the former title of "Cope Castle." I think Addison lived rather an intemperate life here, for we have been told that his method of composition was to pace to and fro a long room imbibing freely from bottles placed at each end of the room; perhaps he received inspiration in this way. This park was occasionally used as a place to divulge state secrets to a colleague, for the supposition that "walls have ears" led to the alternative of open fields and blue sky.

I think all lovers of history and antiquity will agree with me that such a place takes on an additional charm when one knows that it has even a remote connection with one's self or rather with one's family history.

An interesting day was experienced at Savoy Chapel and the historic ground in its vicinity, where stood Savoy Palace given by Eleanor of Provence, wife of Henry III, to her son Edmund Crouchback, first Earl of Lancaster. This takes us back so far that it seems incredible that we should be able to take any personal interest in the characters; nevertheless one generation must succeed another, and like the root of the tree, were no interest taken in the root, the branches could have no life.

He it was, says Mr. Loftie, who brought the red rose from the Crusade which became the badge of the Lancastrians. It was planted with the white rose in the Temple Gardens, whence arose the two factions in the War of Roses. Lancastrian, red; York, white. Vide Shakespeare, Henry VI, Part I, Act II, Scene IV:

> "This brawl today,
> Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
> Shall send between the red rose and the white
> A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

HOLLAND HOUSE, SOUTH FRONT
Originally Cope Castle

I think there is no greater delight than to, if I may be allowed the expression, prowl about the streets of London with a congenial companion. I am tempted many times to branch out into a long story of our many expeditions to places of interest and to become enthusiastic over this delightful means of studying history; but this little sketch is only intended to encompass the family history, and to tell little incidents of those with whom we are remotely connected, so far as lies in my power, hence I must deny myself from branching out into a narrative of travel.

In the busy thoroughfares of London, the Strand, Fleet Street and many other streets of today, it seems hardly possible to imagine the town houses of noblemen, "Inns" I believe they were called. In our peregrinations, one day, we turned off to Ely Place and Hatton Gardens. In Hatton Gardens we found it difficult to picture a garden where twenty bushels of roses were gathered yearly, but our interest at present centers itself in Ely Place. Two rows of tenements now occupy the site of the town house of the Bishop of Ely. St. Etheldreda's Chapel belonging to them is still partially standing. This celebrated house was occasionally let by the See to some distinguished nobleman and here, in 1399, died John of Gaunt, "the time-honoured Lancaster" whose name we are able to find among our forebears. Next we come to Warwick Lane, the site of another of those historic mansions, the Earl of Warwick's, that earl who was called the "King-Maker" and whose career is given to us by Lord Lytton in that fascinating novel "The Last of the Barons." After the "King Maker's" death, in this house lived William Paston, although he did not own the house.

The Earl of Warwick had acquired it in right of his wife, an heiress of the Beauchamps, and William Paston's wife was the daughter of the Duke of Somerset and Eleanor Beauchamp.

Of all the names mentioned in the pedigree, I think that of Paston excites the most interest. Perhaps this feeling comes from the "Paston Letters." These letters have become books of reference and at the present day one often finds allusions made to them. They are considered authentic of the times in which they were written, and the Pastons were among those who helped to make those times. Just the other day I cut the following from one of our newspapers: "Ever since the vogue for romantic plays made from so-called historical novels began, the famous 'Paston Letters' have been of inestimable value to the dramatic producers. These historic documents, which give such intimate glances into the life of mediaeval England, always have been greatly prized by scholars, but, of course, their value, so far as the practical concerns of every-day life went, was really nothing. Julia Marlowe unearthed them when preparations for the production of 'When Knighthood was in Flower' were in progress. It became generally known how useful they had proved to her, and the producers of other plays of mediaeval life were not slow to take advantage of them. Hence the old volumes have been frequently called for at the Lenox and Astor Libraries in

New York, and booksellers have been busy unearthing copies of 'Paston' which had lain forgotten on the shelves of the great bookstores of London for generations. They shed light on almost every subject concerning which the play producer wants information, such as the dances, music, costumes, armour, scenery, household life and etiquette of the fifteenth and sixteenth century England."

In looking over my scrapbook recently I found an epitaph on a Lady Paston in Paston church, Norfolk, obiit March 10th, 1628. The lines are very quaint and pretty and are as follows:

"Can man be silent and not praises find
For her who lived the praise of womankind;
Whose outward frame was lent the world to guess
What shapes our souls would wear in happiness;
Whose virtue did all ill so oversway
That her whole life was a communion day?"

It may be well to give here the explanation of the photographs (copied from the originals) requested by members of the family. They have recently come into my possession and the plea, from others, that these photographs lost interest without a little descriptive history attached to them, resulted in my attempt to excite that interest by describing each and connecting with them little incidents as far as lay in my power. In fact, this whole story is the outcome of that desire to make the pictures of personal interest to those who come after me.

A bit of orthodox pedigree bringing in those, only, whose photographs are actually in my possession may make it all more clear.[1]

The only picture we have of your great-grandmother, Mrs. Walter Harding,[2] is a daguerreotype. She has on a cap, with her hair braided in small loops each side of her face. This has recently been copied. Of your great-grandfather, Walter Harding,[3] the only picture, to my knowledge, in existence, is a silhouette in your grandfather's possession; this, also, has recently been copied.

The photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harding, your great-great-grandfather and mother, were copied from paintings in your grandfather's (George Harding) possession. Mrs. Joseph Harding was Catherine Stubbs[4] (see Pedigree Book) who was baptized at Beckbury Hall in Shropshire, England, in 1765: she died in 1836. She must have died just before my grandfather and family came to America, and I remember my mother speaking of her grandmother as wearing a bright scarlet cloak. She married Joseph Harding[5] of Solihull, Warwickshire, eldest son of Judd Harding, Esq., justice of the peace for the county of Warwick. He was born in 1757 and died in 1829. His father and mother were buried in Tamworth churchyard, leaving six children, of whom Joseph was the eldest. Aunt Eyre, of whom I have told you, was a daughter of a sister who married Rev. James Eyre. Of the five children born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harding

1. See Page 85.
2. See Page 23.
3. See Page 19.
4. See Page 33.
5. See Page 27.

Sir Wm. Paston, *Kt.*

JONATHAN COPE
great-great-great-great-great grandson of *Duke of Norfolk*, called Jockey of Norfolk.

—

ANNA FERMOR

ELIZABETH COPE
(of whom I have no picture) Great-great grandaughter of *Sir William Paston*

—

John Gouldsmyth

JUDITH GOULDSMYTH

Walter Stubbs

DR JONATHAN GOULDSMYTH
married *widow of Richard Atherton*

WALTER

CATHERINE SIBBS

Joseph Hardman

WALTER HARDING
copied from silhouette

Anne Gibbs
copied from daguerreotype

JUDITH
unmarried

MISS SHARP

MISS [illegible] SHARPE

From a daughter [illegible]

MRS SHARP'S BROTHER

EDITH KELLEY

C.H. Sharpe

ELLEN
WILLIAM

only two survived them, Walter, your great-grandfather who came to America, and George, a lawyer of Solihull, who married and had two sons, both of whom died unmarried.

The following copy from Burke's Peerage may be of interest.

Harding of Baraset.

"Harding, William Judd, Esq., of Baraset, County Warwick, born 22d September, 1788, married 20th of April, 1830, Elizabeth, third daughter of Robert Dennison, Esq., of Kilnwick, Percy Co., York, by Frances, his wife, daughter of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart. of Norton Priory, Cheshire. Mr Harding, who was formerly of E. I. C. civil service of the Bengal Establishment, is magistrate and deputy lieutenant for Warwickshire. The family is a branch of the ancient house of Arden of Longcroft. Judd Harding of Hampton, in Arden, was born 1662, son by Susanna, his wife, of William Arden of Hampton, was father of Judd Harding, born 1692, whose son Judd Harding of Solihull, a justice of the peace and captain in Warwickshire militia, born 1730, married Elizabeth Hunt and had five sons and one daughter.

1st, Joseph, his successor, of Solihull, a learned lawyer, father of George Harding ing of Solihull and Walter who came to America.

2d, William, of whose line further.

3d, John of royal artillery, second in command at Copenhagen under Duke of Wellington and Sir John Moore at Corunna. He was father of Lieutenant Colonel George Judd Harding, commanding royal engineers at Woolwich. [From old letters we find that he was afterwards a general and made governor of Guernsey and finally became Sir George. A. K. H.]

4th, Judd.

5th, Thomas.

"The second son, William, went to India in civil service, on his return established estate and built mansion of Baraset in 1800. He was magistrate of the county and gentleman of the privy chamber to George III. He had issue by Harriet Sweetland, his wife.

1st, William Judd, who succeeded his father.

2d, Charles in civil service.

3d, Henry in holy orders, married Lady Elizabeth Fielding, daughter of Viscount Fielding.

4th, John, in holy orders, married Anna, eldest daughter of Rev. Reedstone Read, York.

5th, Francis, commander R. N., married Davidona, daughter of General Dallas, late governor of St. Helena.

6th, Charlotte Sophia, married Rev. W. Wheeler, third son of Sir Charles Wheeler.

7th, Elizabeth Octavia, married George Baker, commander R. N., son of Sir Robert Baker, Magistrate of city of London.
8th, Jane, married Rev. Thomas Hunt.
9th, Sophia, married S. S. Steward, son of Colonel Steward."

A letter recently addressed to Baraset, soliciting information to add to this little book, met with a courteous response from the wife of the present owner, but, as Mr. Harding was in Australia, I gained little knowledge, merely the confirmation of John of royal artillery being with the duke of Wellington at Copenhagen, and Sir John Moore at Corunna. She also stated that the guns captured at Copenhagen were in the grounds at "Baraset." They have a portrait of William Judd Harding, a copy of which is among the illustrations of this book.

The following is a copy sent me by an English cousin and is taken from Burke's "Landed Gentry."

"These Ardens or Hardings descended from Alwin, who was the Saxon Earl of Warwick, living in the time of Edward the Confessor. Alwin's son and successor, Turketil, was deprived of the Earldom by William the Conqueror, who bestowed it upon a Norman. Turketil retired into the forest of Arden and hence acquired the name of Arden. His great-great-grandson, Robert Arden of Drayton, was grandfather to Margeret Arden, who married a Greville and whose descendants Greville eventually became Earls of Warwick."

Wm. Judd Harding
Of Barasct

WILLIAM ARDEN
of Hampton in Arden, Co. Warwick, England; born 1633.

SUSANNA

JUDD HALDING,
of Hampton in Arden, born 1662

JUDD HALDING,
of Hampton in Arden born 1692

JUDD HALDING, Solihull, Co. Warwick, J. P.; Capt. Warwickshire Militia; born 1730. Buried at Tamworth, Aug., 1779.

Elizabeth Hunt
of Stratford-on-Avon, buried at Tamworth, 1805

JOSEPH, of Solihull, a learned lawyer, born 1757, died 1829.

Catherine Stubbs of Beckbury Hall, Salop, died 1836.

WILLIAM, in Civil Service of E. I. C. Established Barasat, 1800.

Harriet Scrutton

JOHN, born 1761, entered Royal Artillery as gentleman cadet, Aug., 1775; Second Lieut., 1777; First Lieut., 1779; Capt.-Lieut., 1790; Capt., 1794; Major, 1802; Lieut.-Col., 1803; Col., 1808; second in command under Duke of Wellington at Copenhagen and Sir John Moore at Corunna.

JUDD

CHARLOTTE — *Rev. Lukes Fox*

THOMAS

WALTER — *Anne Gibbs*
(See tabulated sheet at end of book)

GEORGE, born 1806, died 1872, at Solihull

GEORGE JUDD, commanding R. E. at Woolwich. Gov. of Guernsey, afterwards knighted

JOHN, Major Gen'l, mar. and had issue.
JAMES, Lieut., mar. and had issue.
HARRIET — *William Dennett*
CHARLOTTE CATHERINE, unmarried
ELIZABETH, unmarried
SUSAN, unmarried
MARY — *Claxton*

WILLIAM JUDD, born Sept. 22, 1788

Elizabeth Dennison

CHARLES in Civil Service

HENRY, in Holy Orders

— WILLIAM FIELDING

Lady Emily, dau. of Viscount Fielding.

JOHN, in Holy Orders

Anna, eldest dau. of Rev. Reedstone Reed

FRANCIS, Commander R. N.

Dazidona, dau. of Gen'l Dallas, late Gov. of St. Helena

CHARLOTTE SOPHIA

Rev. William Wheeler

ELIZABETH OCTAVIA

George Baker, Commander R. N.

JANE
Rev. Thos. Hunt

SOPHIA
N. Stewart of Lincoln's Inn.

CHAPTER VI.

WALTER Stubbs,[1] Jr., your great-great-great-grandfather and father of the above Mrs. Joseph Harding (Catherine Stubbs) has a very youthful, boyish face and curly hair. He was born in 1721 and died September 22d, 1766. Miss Sharpe's (compiler of the Pedigree) ancestor was a younger sister of this Walter Stubbs. Another sister, Barbara, whose descendants are the Lords Belper, has an interesting little incident attached to her name, in that she married into a family who owned Boscobel House, the house in which Charles II. was concealed from Roundheads, so graphically described by Ainsworth in his novel "Boscobel." The oak tree, amongst whose branches the king evaded the Cromwellian soldiers who passed underneath them, stood not far from the house.

To give due honor to this oak (that ever staunch friend of England), which was instrumental in restoring the king to his throne, it was yearly celebrated by the wearing of oak leaves and apples on the 29th of May, which was called "oak apple day" in consequence, until quite recent times, when loyalty to Victoria had somewhat effaced the memory of old loyalty to the Stuarts. The above Walter Stubbs was the second son of Walter and Judith Stubbs, but he inherited "Beckbury Hall" in lieu of moneys had by his elder brother.

Apropos of "Beckbury Hall" is the following sent me by Miss Sharpe, who has visited this old home of the Stubbs family: "Beckbury Hall is a very old house, all of oak inside. It is not very large, a 'Hall' being mostly a house on a big estate or which has been inhabited by the Steward of the Manor. The Beckbury property was very large formerly and extended far. The house has only one large room in it, on the first floor, with domestic offices back, and has stone floored garrets. It stands in a valley as most old houses do and is near a stream in a country of hills and dales with a full view of the Clee Hills and the Wrekin. The family resorted to all kinds of sport, to fishing, to riding, etc. Boscobel is quite near Beckbury on the border of the county." She further writes: "When I went to Beckbury Hall it was let to strangers, so there was no one to explain or to tell traditions about it, but I thought parts looked as if there had been hiding places there, unaccounted for spaces apparently between some

1. See Page 37.

walls and next the chimneys. The floors even were of oak, quite black, and in one room somebody's foot had broken through, it was so rotten with age. In one of the old letters, Harry Stubbs, the soldier, wrote that he hoped he should see, when he came home from school, his sister, Kitty, 'dance a minuet prettily.' I could quite fancy her doing it in one of the black oak rooms I saw, in a pair of those high heeled calamanco shoes they used to write about, and the four yards wide hoops, while the eldest sister, Judith, played one of Beethoven's lovely minuet tunes on the spinet. Much of the house and buildings generally are ruinous. The stabling for nineteen horses contained, when I was there, the one pony of the tenant and looked very dreary. My own great-grandmother was 'Kitty,' a great lover (as she said) of horses and dogs. Much of the travelling then was done on horseback. For instance, they posted from Bath to Worcester, and then appointed for their riding horses to meet them to ride home to Beckbury.

"There are remains of a curious flower garden, quite circular, on a hill near the house, hedged around and fenced, with a sun dial in the center, and formal grass lawns and flower beds that I should think Mrs. Judith had planted. It stands high and commands a fine view of the country round. Next to it stood a very tall poplar tree that was long a landmark for miles. It has been struck by lightning in my life time."

The following lines were written in June, 1874, after the destruction of the tree by lightning, and the poem was dedicated to Miss T. E. Sharpe. The author, Rev. E. W. Stubbs, who died May, 1879, aged forty-eight, lived at Beckbury:

"To the old Poplar Tree that stood for so many years on the 'Mount' above Beckbury."

"Farewell, old poplar! my forefathers' pride,
For many a year the wandering hunter's guide,
Thy head that's braved a thousand storms, at last
Has bow'd beneath the lightning's piercing blast.
No more among thy whispering leaves shall trill
The throstle's love song; all is sad and still!
No more the flowers upon thy terrace green
Shall raise their longing eyes to thee, their queen!
With love-lorn squires round thee have ladies stroll'd,
And many a wondrous tale hast thou heard told,
While soldiers, patriots, sportsmen of our race
Beneath thy shade their lives have loved to trace.
Thou'rt gone! with those that planted thee! Thy stem
Is withered—and alas! 'tis so with them.
No lordly acres, as of old, they claim;
Their cherished ancestry is but a name.
Thou'rt fallen low—and so are they—'tis well;
We bloomed together and together fell!"

Buckbury Hall Shropshire
Home of the Stubbs family

Beckbury Hall has recently (1903) been sold and is being rebuilt, but we were fortunate in securing a picture before it passed into new hands. We have just received this information about the rebuilding of Beckbury Hall: "When removing some plastering from the walls of the Hall, just the last few days, they discovered the house was originally *black* and *white*. The beams are perfectly sound and good, and they think of some day taking all the plaster off and restoring it to its original black and white." My informant wonders if this fact does not give a clue to the date of the erection of the house; she thinks it must have been quite a different shape originally.

Judith Stubbs[1] was sister to your great-great-great-grandfather, the Walter previously described, and fourth daughter to Walter and Judith Stubbs. She was born in 1719 and died July 29th, 1769, aged fifty years and was buried in All Saints, Derby,[2] August 1st, 1769. She greatly resembles herm other altho' not quite so strong a face. It is a face and character which appeals to me, for we learn much of her through a book of old letters. Most of these letters are addressed to her and many are from her own hand; she seems to have been a favorite in the family.

In referring to these old letters, Miss Sharpe expresses the same feeling that I experience; that is, one seems to be introduced into the midst of the family circle; to familiarize one's self with these letters is to enter at once into their interests and to become one with them. She says: "If you could read the family letters you would get quite attached to them all, learning all their little cares and interests, their fishing, their horses, their mob caps and hoops, their minuets and spinets and spinning, their balls, their agues and their friends. The Misses Cope, daughters of Sir Jonathan, were great correspondents of the girls (Stubbs) and detailed their gaieties in London, at Ranelagh, at Redottoes and masked balls, at performances by 'Mr. Garrick' and 'Mr. Handel.' In one letter of 1741, Mrs. Stubbs consulted her eldest daughter in London as to whether she should hang the walls of a new room with paper 'as the new taste is' or buy cloth to hang them with as usual; one feels surprised that cloth hangings on walls were still used at that time." Speaking of how interest from one generation to another dies out, thus leaving to us no memory of the daily lives of those gone before, she goes on to say, "But I could gladly spend hours dreaming over such old letters and in such old homes, until it seems quite strange that ghosts do not appear where life has been and is no more. I quite marvelled that I did not meet Mrs. Judith and her sons and daughters passing up the old stairs or hear their spinning wheels as I passed from room to room."

Now that we have had a peep at the old home and into the daily lives of its occupants, we shall be able to follow with renewed interest the description of those people who have seemed to us before almost imaginary beings.

1. See Page 41.
2. See Page 107.

Mr.[1] and Mrs. Walter Stubbs[2] are the parents of the Walter and Judith spoken of above, hence my great-great-great-grandparents. The wife's portrait was taken in a blue dress and the companion portrait of her husband in a velvet coat with voluminous powdered wig flowing down his back. She was the daughter of John Gouldsmyth, Barrister, and was born January 21st, 1696, and died February 28th, 1760, aged sixty-four years. Her husband was born in 1687 and died 1754. With the description of Beckbury before us, we can quite picture this father and mother happy in the midst of a large family of children.

John Gouldsmyth,[3] father of the above Mrs. Walter Stubbs, was a Barrister of the Middle Temple, whose marriage with Elizabeth Cope took place in King Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, and is entered in the Abbey register as follows: "Wedding in K. H. 7th Chappell, Mr. John Gouldsmyth married to Mrs. Elizabeth Cope, December ye 26, 1691." The title of Mrs. was given at that time to all spinsters of condition and denoted respect for birth. Eliabeth Cope was born at Rantan Abbey, 1655.

This is the John Gouldsmyth who was baptized in St. Bartholomew the Great. His picture represents him in a Charles II. wig of fair hair and a point lace cravat. He died 1702. I have no picture of his wife in my collection.

Jonathan Cope[4] of Rantan Abbey, born 1627, and died 1670, and his wife, Anna Fermor[6] (daughter of Sir Hatton Fermor, Kt.) were the parents of the above Elizabeth Cope Gouldsmyth. The copies were taken from the originals in the possession of the Marquis of Huntley, who is a descendant of the Copes. Anna Fermor's sister, Arabella, is the heroine of Pope's "Rape of the Lock." There is also a story in existence that in the Cope family was to be found the chest which is the original of "Mistletoe Bough" fame, and that it was at a party in their home that the bride hid in the chest. But *other* chests in *other* families have been claimed so we will not vouch for the authenticity of the story. The other day in reading "Yesterdays with Authors," by James T. Fields, I came across this little reference to "The Rape of the Lock." It was during one of James T. Fields' visits to Miss Mitford: "Perhaps we had made our plans to visit Upton Court, a charming old house where Pope's Arabella Fermor had passed away many years of her married life. On the way thither we would talk over 'The Rape of the Lock' and the heroine, Belinda, who was no other than Arabella herself. Arriving on the lawn in front of the decaying mansion, we would stop in the shade of the gigantic oak, and gossip about the times of Queen Elizabeth, for it was then the old house was built, no doubt."

Dr. Jonathan Gouldsmyth[5] was the only son of the above John Gouldsmyth and his wife, Elizabeth. He was born 1694, and, from what we read of his career, he must have absorbed all the intellectual qualities of the family; for we find that he matriculated at Brazenose College, Oxford, in 1712, aged seventeen; was B. A., 1715; M. A., 1718; Bachelor and Doctor of Medicine as a "grand Compounder" in 1724; admitted candidate of the Royal College of Physi-

1. See Page 45.
2. See Page 49.
3. See Page 53.
4. See Page 69.
5. See Page 73.
6. See Page 65

Beckbury Church
Containing tablets to the memory of
the Stubbs family

cians of London, 1725; and a Fellow thereof, 1726; Gulstonian lecturer, 1728; one of the Censors of the College of Physicians in 1729; elected to Royal Society in 1729. He died s. p. (sine prole) in Norfolk Street, Strand, London, April 17th, 1732, aged thirty-eight, and was buried in St. Clement Danes, Strand, London.

This copy of him is taken from a portrait, said to be by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in a powdered wig and ruffles, holding in his right hand a volume of Hippocrates. He married Elizabeth Atherton,[2] widow of Richard Atherton,[1] of Atherton Hall, Lancashire, and only lived three years after his marriage. Her picture is taken with her little daughter by her first marriage. It is from a Kit-Catt portrait of her by Seymond. She is attired in a garter-blue dress and holding by her hand her only surviving child, Elizabeth Atherton. This little girl, heiress of the family, is in a grey frock with pink trimmings and a blush rose in her hair. The father, Richard Atherton, is also by Seymond, in a brown velvet coat with sword and chapeau-bras. She was sixteen years of age and he was eighteen when they married. The husband died in his twenty-sixth year.

The dress of Sir William Paston strikes one as being somewhat puritanical, but, altho' he lived in the time of the Puritans, I believe he was a staunch royalist. He was born in 1528 and died 1610 and was buried in the Chancel of North Walsham church. A beautiful monument was erected over his grave in Paston church. He entered into an agreement with a mason to erect this monument for two hundred pounds. It is of alabaster and red and black marble adorned with pillars, obelisks and shields of arms and bears, Sir William's recumbent figure lying on his right side and elbow, head supported by right hand. It was completed in 1608 and he died in 1610. His picture represents him in old age, leaning upon a staff with one hand and carrying his gauntletted gloves in the other; he wears a high crowned, broad brimmed, beaver hat, a large white neck ruff and furred gown. The background is blank, with the Paston shield of arms in one corner [illegible] was said to be famous for his generosity and hospitality and he fou[illegible] North Walsham Grammar School, where the above portrait is still pr[illegible]d.

Goi[illegible] back to the fifteenth century, we have one very interesting picture in that of Sir John Howard, who was born in 1420. He served in many wars, and Richard III bestowed upon him the titles of Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal. He was given this title because his mother was the last representative of the Mowbrays who were the previous (and then extinct) Dukes of Norfolk. He was also appointed High Steward of England for the day of the king's coronation, and Lord Admiral of England, Ireland, and Aquitane for life. Shakespeare has celebrated his fidelity to King Richard III, and made famous the rhyme that was set upon his tent to deter him from going forth to Richard's support at Bosworth.

"Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold,
For Diccon, thy master, is bought and sold."

1. See Page 57.
2. See Page 61.

He fell at Bosworth, August 22d, 1485, and, it is said, lamented in death even by his enemies.

Among the many trips we had about England was one taken to "Brewerne Abbey" one of the former homes of Sir Jonathan Cope and mentioned so often in the collection of old letters. Many of these letters were written from this home and there is a most interesting one describing the fire which laid it in ruins. It is in Oxfordshire, not far from Worcester, and in the days of the Copes must have been a delightful home. I believe there were some two thousand acres belonging to it. Very little of it remains and that is now used as a farm house.

We are apt to think of our friends with much more pleasure when we have seen and can realize their surroundings; just the same it must be of those who are even remotely connected with us, although it requires a retrospect of a century or more. As we walked amongst these departed glories, a picture of the days of our great-great-grandfather and his companions focused itself on our brain in a way that enables us to review the scene and to follow in their footsteps as we read of their lives. And thus we stepped back into the lives of many of our ancestors as we visited the scenes which witnessed their joys and sorrows.

To enable us to reach Brewerne, we were obliged to spend one night in Worcester, an obligation which was anything but irksome, for it gave us an opportunity of visiting "Loyal Worcester," to view the cathedral, to see the exhibition of royal Worcester china for which the city is so famous, and to look in upon the old "Bell Inn" so frequently mentioned by the Stubbs family in their progress to Brewerne Abbey.

While in London rather an interesting little incident occurred which may not be out of place to relate here. My step-father, an Englishman, was born in Louth, Lincolnshire, and as a child I can remember being greatly interested in his stories of the Tennyson family who were also of Lincolnshire. His sister had married a clergyman and was, at this time, still living, a widow with three daughters and one son. With an American's idea that one could find whatever one searched for in a country so small as England, I casually remarked to my step-sisters that while in England I would find their aunt and cousins. Imagine my surprise when what was said jestingly proved a reality. A prompt reply was received to my letter written to the aunt in Louth. The answer came from the eldest daughter living in one of the suburbs of London and contained an invitation to take tea with her. Of course I availed myself of the opportunity and found a most interesting family.

This cousin had married an American, a widower with one daughter, and she had two very beautiful children of her own. I found that she was an authoress spending a busy life with her pen. The little daughter was following in her mother's path and I cannot refrain from quoting a little Christmas poem which seems to me a wonderful production from the pen of a little girl only seven years of age, written without any assistance and at her own instigation.

Sir John Howard
Duke of Norfolk

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

On Christmas night
When the snow fell white,
  And the children were fast asleep,
A little old man
Down the chimney ran
  And into the room at a leap.

He went to each bed,
Where at each sleeper's head
  A stocking was hanging in sight;
He opened his bag—
Oh! what toys he had
  For those who were good and did right.

Each child had some,
A book, bat or gun,
  And Lottie a pencil with lead;
But one little boy
Had not a single toy
  But a whip and a stone instead.

There were boxes of sweets,
And numberless treats,
  A Punch and a cart with a nag;
A large Noah's ark
Peeped forth in the dark
  From out of that wondrous bag.

He looked round the room
In the gathering gloom,
  Where the stockings hung all in a row;
And he thought of the boy
Who had not a toy
  As he took his sack ready to go.

"As long as I live
I shall have to forgive,"
  Said the kindly old man with a smile,
"So this one Christmas day
I will not go away
  And leave him no share of my pile."

When Christmas day broke,
And each child awoke,
  Expecting such great things in store;
Poor Willie thought "Oh!
I knew 'twould be so
  I shall never have gifts any more."

So trembling with fear,
And feeling quite queer,
  He pulled down his stocking to look;
But the whip and the stone
Were not there alone,
  There was also a beautiful book.

Willie made up his mind
To be gentle and kind,
  Seeing how well he had fared;
And I'm happy to say,
From that very same day
  I believe he has kept his word.

The aunt died while I was in England, and as I was absent from London during her visit to her daughter, I failed to meet her. This episode was another connecting link with my childhood days, for I was as familiar with the stories, pictures and names of the family as tho' they were my own kith and kin.

All Saints Derby
Where Judith Stubbs is buried

CHAPTER VII.

DURING the summer of my first year in England, I went to make a visit at my aunt's (Mrs. James Baldwin), in Hampshire. Although my mother's own sister, she and her family were strangers to me.

The little village of Otterbourne lies between Southampton and Winchester, in a most picturesque country. I think one of the most ideal views is to be had from the Shawford Downs, one mile from Otterbourne, overlooking the little Itchen river, meandering its way through green fields and pastures like a silver thread, and the spire of dear little Twyford church peeping out from its bower like a bird from its nest. On the left, in the distance, is to be seen St. Cross, and beyond the majestic cathedral tower of historic Winchester, flanked by St. Catherine Hill on one side and opposite Oliver's Battery. Turning to the right (if the day is bright) over a stretch of hills for nine miles one can catch the glitter of the ocean and the hazy outline of the Isle of Wight. Oh! what peace and rest one experiences to stand there at twilight when nature seems to have gone to her rest and to hear the church bells softly calling one to evening prayer as though reminding one that all these beautiful things are due to the goodness of One above. "The groves were God's first temples," and how many beautiful sermons and lessons may come to one by following Bryant's advice to "Go forth under the open sky, and list to nature's teachings."

I spent a very happy time among these new cousins, bright, active girls who have bravely met the world in a time of adversity. There were many discussions on the relative merit of our two countries; much family history to be explained and unravelled, many excursions to be taken in the vicinity and to the Isle of Wight; and so the days glided by.

One daughter, Mrs. Wm. Groundsell, was married and lived in Southampton, but they have recently moved to Reading. The two sons were both married; the elder has seven children and the younger has one daughter. The

latter has recently lost his wife. Walter's youngest son recently, 1901, had the honor of being one of the four chosen to sing before her Majesty, Queen Victoria, at her last private service held in her drawing room at Osborne, Isle of Wight. There are five unmarried daughters of Aunt Josephine's—Kate, Mary, Annie, Helen and Lydia, each with her vocation and place in life. (Since writing the above, Helen died, June, 1902.)

At Otterbourne lives Miss Yonge, whose books are so widely read in our country. She lives in a pretty ivy covered house opposite the church, in whose behalf she is an indefatigable laborer. (Since the above was written, Miss Yonge has passed away.) A few miles away at Hursley, a lovely country walk, stands a dear little church, so interwoven with the life of Keble, who rests in its churchyard, that it has become almost a place of pilgrimage.

While staying at Otterbourne, my aunt and I went for a visit into Warwickshire, spending some little time at a friend's home in Birmingham, from whence excursions were made to places of interest in the vicinity. Our principal object in this trip was to visit Solihull, the home of my grandfather. It is but a few miles from Birmingham, a little country village which seems almost to have passed out of existence as a village; but, for us, who have an interest in it, the memory will always remain, for here our grandparents lived and our parents' childish feet ran up and down the village street. "Ivy Hall," their home, stands a little out from the village and is a pretty, gabled house, almost covered with ivy, in the center of a nice large garden, while at its side runs a most picturesque lane embowered in trees, arching above like the aisle of a cathedral. I had the temerity to seek admission to the house and found a delightful old lady with silvery hair, who remembered the family and had entire sympathy with my desire. Aunt Josephine explained the different rooms to me, and when she pointed out the schoolroom, a story of my mother's early days came into my mind.

The writingmaster was on duty and requested her to "take her pen in 'and and make a couple of hens (ns)." How could a girl, imbued with such life and spirits as my mother possessed, resist such a temptation; immediately two good sized *hens* were portrayed, to the consternation of the master.

What a strange sensation passes over one so far away from the land of one's birth and yet standing upon the threshold of a mother's home! My only regret was not to have been able to wander about the house and grounds at my own free will. Aunt pointed out the tree in the garden where they always hunted for the first apples, and, to her, the lane brought back so many pleasant memories of their childish sports and of their joyous attempts to ride a pony from whose back came many a tumble. (I think Aunt Josephine's children inherited her love of sport, from the many tales told me of how Annie thought to give the chickens a ride to market. Catching them and putting them into a barrel, she sat in front and rocked to and fro and could not think why they tumbled about so when released by the nurse who found "Miss Annie" in mischief again. While Mary

Ivy Hall
Solihull, Warwickshire

and Helen used the bluing bag to make their baby sister blue, and many other similar tales.) In the village of Solihull lives an old barber (or did when I was there), with whom I was eager to converse on account of his knowledge of the family. It was quite amazing to hear him repeat all the names of the children in the family; but as he was wont to go "to the Hall every morning to shave the Squire," I presume his memory of the children could not be considered wonderful. I can picture them now, in imagination, as he described them, hand in hand running down the village street or quietly walking to church. The old church stands there still where in the "Hall" pew sat my grandfather and grandmother, while in the body of the church sat the children with Auntie Eyre at the end of the pew, holding a parasol which did duty in rapping the knuckles of any unlucky delinquent. In the churchyard lie buried our great-grandparents.

I shall always remember with a feeling of thankfulness this visit to the old home, thankful that the opportunity was given me and enabled me to leave some memory of it to those who come after me.

Both summers I spent several weeks in my aunt's home, and very happy weeks they were through the many kindnesses met with at the hands of the whole family. Now the home will never seem the same with its mistress gone. When the news reached me that she had passed away, the thought that I had been able to spend a week with her in my last trip to England, will always be a comfort to me.

When the year allotted to my visit expired, an urgent request was made for the extension of another year and the temptation laid before me proved too dazzling to resist. With what conflicting emotions I awaited from home a sanction to the request, it is hard to describe. The desire to return was so interwoven with the desire to remain, that it caused a state of mind amounting to illness, but when the matter was settled beyond recall, it brought back health, spirits and appetite. My two years extended to two and a half, when the longing for home could no longer be quelled, and with a party of American friends I sailed from Liverpool on the good ship "City of Rome," leaving a lion's share of my heart behind me Our trip home was a stormy one, as the Autumn season is not the best in which to cross the Atlantic, but the excitement of a rolling ship and the difficulty of sustaining one's equilibrium, together with the ever looking forward to the landing with safety, varied the oft times monotony of a sea voyage.

When sitting on deck we were obliged to have our chairs strapped to stationary objects, even then many accidents occurred. I cannot resist relating here an amusing little incident which fell to my lot. I had loaned my strap to a friend to whom the sea had been even more unkind than to myself, imagining my strength equal to resisting the force of the waves. Unheeded by me, one of the gentlemen of our party, finding no place to which to fasten his chair and supposing my chair held fast, quietly passed his strap around it. Judge my surprise and terror, a few minutes later, to find my chair, at the instigation of an im-

mense wave, quickly following his down the deck. It was a moment of suspense to all. It was feared that the force of striking the railing would cause the chairs and ourselves to be thrown into the ocean. Fortunatety the gentleman escaped with only a few bruises, while my chair had the grace to keep its equilibrium. My only means of escape seemed to be the very ungraceful one of rolling over on to the deck, which was no sooner thought of than put into action; two other gentlemen of the party started to the rescue, but a huge wave laid them low. Finally, when all was over and the excitement subsided, the ridiculous side of the scene caused peals of laughter in which I joined, altho' it was far into the night before I became composed enough to close my eyes.

Another interesting item of the trip was that, by a strange coincidence, we had among our fellow-travellers Mark Twain's niece and also an old Rhode Island farmer, who was the poet of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." The lady was a most charming little woman, to whom I quite lost my heart. She with her husband had been traveling in Europe and Africa. I believe the chief object of their trip was an interview with the Pope, whose life Mr. W—— was to publish. We had an interesting account of this interview, to which, much to her surprise, this lady was admitted, and quite won favor, not only by her sweet manner, but by the magic name of "Annie" which proved to have been the name of the Pope's mother. With the poet we had many amusing experiences. Hearing, by chance, of Mark Twain's niece among us, he accosted her husband for information and was told that she was on the ship and that she had married a man by the name of————, careful at the same time not to disclose his identity, hoping thus to spare his wife. The old man offered him a copy of his poems, the entertainment of which was shared by us all; but surely, merit never published that book. At the usual concert, this "would-be" poet read many of his poems with always the preface that he would leave us to judge if Mark Twain was correct in denouncing them, until we did not wonder at Mark Twain's desire to throw his boots at him, and it was only by dint of strategy that his exertions in our behalf were put an end to by a vote of thanks opportunely given between the lines.

Since that time Mr. W——has passed away and I have never again met the dear little woman who made that voyage a pleasant memory to me.

What a joy it was to be once more on one's native soil! Only those who have experienced a long absence from home amongst strangers can realize the feeling, no matter how pleasantly the time may have been spent. There is such peace and comfort in simply feeling that one is surrounded by all those who make life dear.

The life of the past three years naturally made me restless; the spirit of an independent life took strong hold of me and I started out to put it in practice. During this time my half-sister's husband had died, also your grandmother, Sarah Harding. This was in the autumn of 1889.

IVY HALL, SOUTHEY
Screen-end, showing wall-post

To add to the sorrows, my health forced me to give up all idea of independence and to seek to regain what I had lost in southern California. Two years spent in an open air life in Pasadena, that land of perpetual sunshine, worked its beneficial results, and I was allowed to return home, but, alas! pride must have a fall and my spirit of independence was laid low in the dust.

Soon after my return my half-sister married again and much of my life was spent with her, until an unlooked-for event happened in another visit to England. This was in the spring of 1894. This time I sailed with a party of seven by way of Montreal.

The year and a half spent in England was a most happy time; much of it was spent in the Royal Borough of Windsor, although I was given the opportunity to see much of dear old England. But the damp, foggy skies for which England is so famous, so aggravated my old enemy that I was forced to abandon the life so congenial to me for brighter skies and drier atmosphere, and I again bade farewell to the land of my ancestors, sailing September 26th, on the Cunard steamer "Cephalonia" for Boston, inciting thoughts of my puritanical ancestors, as my forebears on my father's side were among those early zealots for their religion and no doubt their good ship took the same course that we were taking.

In 1897, much to my surprise and pleasure, I again sailed for England, and it was not until after we had sailed out of the harbor of New York on the White Star steamer "Germanic" that I found a letter telling me the joyful news of the arrival, May 9th, 1897, into this fair world of ours, of dear little Allan Cope Harding. The following August, in the picturesque little town of Ilfracombe, in Devonshire, came to me the news of another dear little cousin's arrival, that of Barstow Harding Miller, August 1st, 1897, two joys awaiting my home coming.

This visit added a memorable event to my life of pleasant memories, in that it was the year of Queen Victoria's "Diamond Jubilee," the sixtieth year of a queen who, in her eightieth year, was still able to wield the sceptre, and it was my good fortune to have three weeks in London and to be an eye-witness of the festivities.

I remained in England until the autumn of 1898, when, hard as the parting was from one who had grown very dear to me, the grey, foggy skies were so detrimental to health that again I was forced to return to my native soil.

And now this little narrative is finished, I hope that those who read its pages will be lenient with one who has done her utmost to keep the "memory green" of those gone before, and will pardon if its pages sometime grow too prosy or lapse into incidents of personal interest, which could hardly be called family history. If it will only stimulate those who are to carry on the family name to strive to raise that name to a high standard of a pure and true life, then will the work be deemed to have earned its full reward.

From "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner, which I was reading the other day, the following seemed very appropriate: "Here we are talking of right family feeling, and nothing else in the world can take its place; for in it lie in germ all those fine and simple virtues which assure the strength and duration of social institutions. And the very base of family feeling is respect for the past; for the best possessions of a family are its common memories. An intangible, invisible and inalienable capital, these souvenirs constitute a sacred fund that each member of a family ought to consider more precious than anything else he possesses. They exist in a dual form—in idea and in fact. They show themselves in language, habits of thought, sentiments, even instincts, and one sees them materialized in portraits, furniture, buildings, dress and song. To profane eyes they are nothing; to the eyes of those who know how to appreciate the things of the family, they are relics with which one should not part with at any price."

Altho' the knowledge which we possess of our forefathers is slight, yet who would be without that knowledge; in Charles Wagner's words, we would not "part with it at any price." From a historical standpoint, what pleasure is derived and the lesson learned from the lives of those whose lot was not cast in pleasant places, must teach us to be more contented with our own. "Laetus Sorte Mea" (contented in my lot) was often in the heart of little Leonard in "The Story of a Short Life." May it be in the hearts of the little boys, helping them to be good, true men, always remembering that—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

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